

JAN. 14, 1904.

The "Daily Mirror," January 15, 1904.

£2,000 HIDDEN TREASURE. (See Next Page).

The Daily Mirror.

No. 63.

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as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1904.

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AND
THE

MOST
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SUNDAY
NEWSPAPER.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is very dry and cold north-westerly winds and occasional squalls of hail or sleet; bright and sunny intervals.

Lighting-up time, 5.18 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel, rough; North Sea and Irish Channel, very rough.

TO-DAY'S BEST NEWS

There is no particular news from East save that both Russia and Japan are hurrying up reinforcements and making possible preparations. An authority of the Government in our columns that the Japanese has a domestic reason for anxious to fight.—See page 9.

The full account of the battle in hand shows that the action was hot and that Captain Lister, Lord Dole's heir, at first reported missing, now be added to the list of dead.—See page 6.

The jury in the Whitaker Wright case, after a long trial, have returned their verdict very tired. There is little chance of their release before the end of next week.—See page 6.

The vicar charged with immorality has found guilty, his counsel having given a case.—See page 6.

The Savoy Theatre, redecorated, will be opened to-night. An article illustrating pictures of old Savoy favourites appears on page 7.

A correspondent who has tried them cases the use of guinea pigs as food for the use of guinea pigs as food on page 4.

For inciting a clerk to steal papers from his employer a solicitor named Beall was committed for trial.—See page 4.

Many mishaps due to a gale and thunder and lightning are reported.—See page 4.

A lecturer at the London Institution put last night some of the dangers of the night.—Page 4.

To-Day's Arrangements

General.

Mr. Chamberlain opens the proceedings of the Commission, Westminster Palace Hotel. Lord Percy addresses a meeting at Sutton Road, M.P. Mr. W. Keswick, M.P.

Parliamentary Institution, Albemarle-street: Lord North's Election: Polling.

Officers of H.M.S. Magnificent and 1st Division of the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole. First meeting of the Tariff Committee in the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole.

Races.

J. Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 118, Regent-street. Messrs. & Freebody, Wigmore-street, W. Messrs. & Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.

Mr. Robinson, Oxford-street, W. Messrs. & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., a. Messrs. & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., a.

Volunteer, 12, New Burlington-street. Messrs. & Sney, Tottenham-court-road. Messrs. Lewis & Co., 5, Holborn-bars, E.C.

Mr. & Allenby, Regent-street and Messrs. W. Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W. Messrs. Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.

Mr. & Co., 19 and 20, New Bond-street. Messrs. & Co., 19 and 20, New Bond-street. Messrs. & Co., 19 and 20, New Bond-street.

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TEMPTING A CLERK.

Alleged Incitement to Steal by an Ex-Solicitor.

Arrested in the buffet of the Grand Hotel on Wednesday afternoon, Edward Beall, who was formerly a solicitor, was brought up at Bow-street yesterday on a charge of inciting John Frederick Durban, a solicitor's clerk, to steal certain papers from his principal, Harry Dale, a solicitor, of Basinghall-street.

Beall, it was alleged, had been for some weeks inciting Durban to steal from the office certain papers relating to companies. Several interviews took place between him and Durban at Gatti's restaurant, all of which had been regularly reported to Mr. Dale by Durban.

At the first interview the prisoner asked Durban whether he had received his fees as liquidator of the Rhodesian Estates and Town Lands, Limited, and on being told that he had not, it was alleged yesterday that the prisoner said, "If you will resign your position as liquidator, and let me get someone else appointed, I can give you hundreds." He then offered to give £25 for papers connected with the company.

At subsequent interviews this offer was said to have been increased to £50 for papers in the Colonial Exploration, Limited, and Caters, Limited. Acting on his employer's instructions, Durban handed over certain papers in a sealed envelope, in exchange for which he received payment on account.

In applying for bail for Beall, his counsel said that an action brought by the prisoner against Mr. Dale for a large sum of money was likely to come on for trial next week.

The application was opposed, it being stated that the prisoner was an undischarged bankrupt, and that he had been sentenced to four years for fraud in connection with the London and Scottish Bank.

The magistrate consented to accept bail in £1,000.

THE DUST DEMON.

Motor-Car Experiments with a View to Exorcise Him.

With the aid of photography a committee appointed by the Automobile Club recently arrived at some interesting conclusions as to the cause of the dust clouds raised in motor-ing.

Last night Colonel Crompton, C.B., explained the tests to the Camera Club. The Crystal Palace track was prepared with a quantity of mill sweepings until it was as nearly as possible like a dusty road. On this track the competing cars were run.

Five hundred photographs were taken, carefully developed, toned, and arranged in the order of dust disturbance shown. The conclusions arrived at were that anything in the shape of a cone pointing forward is bad, and that a flaring mudguard is a great offence; narrow tyres are preferable, and in all cases smoothness of the bottom is of the utmost importance.

Further tests are to be made next season, and it is thought that the shape of the motor-car will be much affected thereby.

COLLEGE OF CRIME.

Cut-throats and Pickpockets Carefully Instructed in all Branches.

The Italian criminal is an adept at the organisation of secret societies.

A society which was formed to commit all sorts of crime, from highway robbery to kidnapping, has been discovered in the city of Foggia, and the police have arrested seventy-one members.

Two schools were found—one to teach the way to use the knife and the other for pickpockets. An admission fee of a few francs was charged, and the members were divided into three classes, and promoted from one to the other by a sort of supreme court, with headquarters at Barlette.

The distinctive uniforms of the members consisted of a red scarf to be worn as a belt and a long curl hanging down the forehead, or a green scarf for those of a lower degree in the society.

If any one of the members was arrested other members volunteered to give perjured testimony in his behalf, while a few more took charge of the witnesses for the prosecution, whom they scared by threats into refusing to testify. A special recruiting department was also a feature of the society.

HYPOCRITE'S SENTENCE.

The sentence of eight years' penal servitude passed on Walter Stiff, a modeller in wax, at the Old Bailey yesterday, for attempting to defraud the London County Council of more than £11,000 in connection with their improvements scheme, had to be shouted into his ears by one of the warders, for the prisoner is so deaf that he was unable to hear what the Recorder said.

Stiff had had a shop in Goswell-road, Islington, which the Council had required for road-widening purposes. He had enhanced its apparent value by making fictitious books. The Recorder said he had been guilty of the most abominable hypocrisy. He had been a church elder and a Bible teacher while carrying on these frauds.

LITTLE MARY-OLATRY.

Joys, Troubles, and Ambitions of Eaters in Many Parts.

THE DANGER OF EATING.

Is Life Worth Living If One Must Remember All This?

If we were all physiological professors we should be able to live on fourpence a day and a bowl of porridge.

But most of us know nothing of the real value of food, and cheerfully hand out fifty per cent. of our earnings on a diet that is entirely unsuitable.

Mr. Robert Hutchinson, M.D., F.R.C.S., speaking at the London Institution last night gave a general outline of the food the ordinary person should eat. There were some revolutionary statements. Thus we learn that there is more energy to be got out of a bloater than out of a sole, and as much from sixpenny-worth of Cheddar cheese as from one shilling and twopenny spent on Stilton.

Vegetables the Worst Food.

Vegetables supply the most energy and building material, but, unfortunately, are the worst food to digest, and, therefore, some people are better without them. In fact, a vegetarian diet would ruin a nation.

Peas, potatoes, and carrots have the worst scientific characters, and bread and cheese almost the best, the bread supplying the energy and the cheese the building material.

The labouring classes do not eat enough energy, and, therefore, have not enough for work, and they take alcohol to drive away the feeling of fatigue.

Physical drill in Board schools is in many cases useless, because the child is not fed properly, and it is impossible to train muscles that do not exist. The poorer classes should be taught to cook their cheese, avoid too many lentils, peas, or potatoes, and have at least one meal consisting of porridge only every day.

Deadly Bread and Butter.

We have been often told that brown bread is better than white. That, says our lecturer, is a fallacy. White bread takes the first place, though the bread and butter diet believed in so much at school does great harm.

The afternoon cup of tea is a subject of attack. The use of tea should be discouraged, and its popularity is "due solely to the fact that it needs no preparation."

SURREY-SIDE CARLTON.

Where the British Workman Gourmet Dine in Luxury.

Yesterday morning, at a quarter to twelve, the Bankside Carlton, known otherwise as the Waterman's Arms, opened its doors and awaited the advent of customers.

Scarcely five minutes before, the last of the painters had been hustled off the premises, and the waitresses and barmen took up their posts.

The bill-of-fare, displayed in the red-curtained windows, had been artfully composed of dishes likely to tickle the palate of the riverside gourmet. The announcement that roast pork, ditto beef, and boiled rabbit, besides various kickshaws in the shape of puddings, were to be obtained within drew a doubtful crowd. Curiosity did the rest. Some 200 customers took their seats in the dining-room, and cook behind the scenes, washers in the wings, and neat-handed waitresses in front of the footlights played their several parts like Trojans.

Uprais in select gentility, for which 2d. extra was charged on each item in the menu, a crowd of clerks descended hot lunches with condescending approval.

FED ON THREEPENCE.

No Strikes Among the Children of Hackney.

The Mother Superior of St. Saviour's Priory, Hackney-road, is extremely grateful to the many people who have sent contributions to the Free Dinner Fund, on behalf of which the *Daily Mirror* appealed.

Those who did send would be surprised if they could see the excellent and nourishing dinners distributed free to the many starving families of the parish at a cost to the fund of threepence per family. Yesterday crowds of little children came to fetch the meals in receptacles ranging from a jug to a large wash-basin.

"This is the worst winter I remember," said the "Mother," "and I have been here for forty years. In spite of the excellent work done by the Hackney Council the destitution is appalling. It is the old story, of course—the alien and the rack landlord."

St. Saviour's also boasts a day nursery, where the poor mothers can leave their children to be taken care of and fed at a cost of threepence a day; but some of the mothers cannot afford even that small sum, so a few little ones must come in free. The Princess of Wales recently sent a big parcel of toys from her own nursery to the poor babies, but toys and clothes are always wanted.

GUINEA-PIGS AS FOOD.

Heartily Recommended by One Who Has Tried Them.

A correspondent writes that he has experimented on the prolific guinea-pig and found it a most nourishing and inexpensive dish.

Far superior to that of the rabbit, he reports, its flesh has also the additional advantage of being nourishing. A dish that a gourmet would rave over, he exclaims, and one within the scope of the most meagre purse.

He appends two recipes, both South American, for on that Continent the guinea-pig is a staple article of food. He advocates guinea-pig farms, and estimates the produce of a single pair as 1,000 animals a year.

Guinea-Pig Piquante.

Skin, dress, and cut up in joints two guinea-pigs, stew very gently for one and a half hours in white stock, or half stock and half water. Boil twelve medium-sized potatoes in their jackets, skin, slice, and keep hot. Fry two small onions in lard until of a light golden-brown colour. Take the crumb of a half-quartern loaf, soak in cold water.

When the onions are fried, put them into a stew-pan, add the bread after squeezing out all the moisture—a little salt and a dessert-spoonful of ground chickpeas; add a table-spoonful of salad oil. Mix all these well together, adding enough of the stock the guinea-pigs were boiled in to make a sauce; stew for twenty minutes, then add the guinea-pigs hot from the stock, and the sliced potatoes; stir gently, and serve hot. Garnish with two hard-boiled eggs cut in slices.

Guinea-Pig Ragout.

One or two guinea-pigs prepared and jointed as in previous recipe. Fry two sliced onions to a golden brown; wash, dry thoroughly, and flour the joints, then fry them with little fingers of fat bacon. Place all in a brown earthenware crock. Add pepper and salt to taste and cover with water or stock, put on the lid and bake slowly for two and a half hours.

Thicken the gravy with a little flour; add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve very hot.

This is a nourishing and dainty dish, observes our friend. It resembles chicken.

THE MUNICIPAL COOK.

How the L.C.C. will Provide the Workman's Dinner.

The working-man's wife will be able to say, "The Council cooked it" when her husband and anatomist's underdone steak, and bangs out to the nearest "trust" public-house.

For the County Council intend starting a municipal cooking establishment at each of their lodging-houses. To repel any projected attack by the anti-municipal trader, they are going to seek new parliamentary powers to carry out their scheme, and will insert another clause in their General Powers Act.

Manchester, which already has municipal cooking in full swing, is quite satisfied with a certain clause in the Housing of the Working Classes Act. But as catering is a new branch for the London County Council, they wish their authority to be without question. As a matter of fact, unofficially, municipal cooking has been going on merrily ever since the lodging-houses were first opened, it being found impossible to run them without some such scheme.

When the official powers are conferred, however, the lodgers will reap untold benefits. They will be able to buy their food from the Council kitchen at cheaper rates, and have it delivered to them cooked and ready for the table.

SMALL PORTIONS.

Parisian Scholars Strike Against Scanty Meals.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

"Little Mary" has just made her presence felt in the Central School. The pupils enter the school at half-past eight in the morning, and leave at five o'clock in the evening. They take lunch in the school, a caterer supplying them with food.

For some time past the knowledge had dawned upon the pupils that they were being badly nourished. They made complaints about the small "portions" served to them—complaints which brought them fine words but no larger helpings.

It came to this—they must take definite action. So the 700 scholars in the school laid their heads together and formed a plot. They brought their own food from the outside, and refused to touch the 700 lunches which the caterer had provided for them.

They intend to bring their own victuals until they receive a promise that they shall be better fed, otherwise they insist on being permitted to leave the school for an hour in order to take lunch where they please.

GUIDING HIS STEPS.

"Bear-Leader's" Action Against His Former Protege.

A curious story was told in Mr. Justice Grantham's Court yesterday in support of a slander action brought by a Mr. William Allery against Mr. Arthur Eyre, a gentleman of means. The jury, however, subsequently stopped the case and returned a verdict for the defendant.

The alleged slander consisted of the statement that Allery was a convicted thief, who had stolen money from Mr. Eyre's son, and that the plaintiff had also stolen a large sum from the son at Boulogne on February 1, 1902.

Allery, according to his counsel's statement, was introduced to Mr. Eyre by a mutual friend, and was induced by the former to act as a "bearleader" to his son, who was a wild spendthrift. In consequence he came exceedingly intimate with young Mr. Eyre, and the father said he would give him £1,000 if he could reclaim his son.

Counsel said it was true his client was a convicted thief. He was tried at Carlisle and sentenced for having passed false notes, but it was not true that he had stolen any money from the son.

In giving evidence the plaintiff said he was given £50 to take the young man abroad to escape from a warrant which his wife had for alimony, and also from a warrant brought by a cabman.

The plaintiff explained that the young man who was known as Captain Eyre, was always "bilked" cabmen. "I have had no end of cabmen at my place," the witness added. The father gave him money to pay these cabmen. In Paris, where they went, Captain Eyre insisted on taking two women about with him. The two women afterwards had a fight, and the Captain ran away and left him.

The case then came to an end, as stated.

THE PICCADILLY FIRE.

Who is Going to Pay the Bill?

Piccadilly is still in a state of eruption owing to the peculiar conflagration of Wednesday last. The roadway is still under repair, and traffic from the west is being diverted by the use of Berkeley-street, New Bond-street, Regent-street. On the reverse journey, omnibuses and other vehicles are able to pass through the narrow streets. A large number of workmen are engaged in replacing the gas consumed in making preparations to fill up a breach large enough to hold half a dozen furniture vans.

The method of stopping the escape of gas was interesting, but very tedious. Some of the three mains had to be laid bare, and into one was drilled a hole sufficiently large to insert a deflated bladder. Air was then pumped into the bladders until they fitted the pipes tightly, and made effective plugs.

An interesting phase of the matter lies in the fixing of the responsibility incurred by the enormous waste of gas consumed during the eight hours of yesterday's blaze.

SCHOOL FLAT.

Where the Children are Taught How to Keep House.

A novel experiment in education is being tried by the Hornsey School Board.

Large new schools, built in the Georgian style, have just been opened in Hornsey, and their chief features being the special arrangements for practical education. For the branch there is a special building with a fully equipped kitchen and scullery for the training of our future "generals" and a laundry for the instruction of our future "ladies."

For the boys there is a workshop, where all kinds of woodwork will be taught, and also a fine swimming bath, which is to be used by the neighbouring schools as well.

The rest of the building is in the form of a small flat, where a parlour, dining-room, and bedroom have been furnished. Here the girls will put into practice all they have learnt about housewifery and household management.

The cost of the schools was £25,000, and as yet they are quite unique as far as London is concerned.

ENOCH ARDEN HAPPY AGAIN.

The much-suffering Enoch Arden and his long-lost wife are happy again. The wife, who was charged with bigamy—a charge which Enoch Arden himself had also suffered a nominal punishment—was released yesterday sentenced to three days' imprisonment in the workhouse.

Enoch Arden's real name is Kenny. His marriage he went away to sea, and his wife, believing he was dead, married again, and Kenny also solicited her to do so.

The long-parted pair afterwards came together again, and were living happily when the charges of bigamy were preferred against each of them.

"TH

I much regret that in a moment of excitement

Will you accept my apologies consider bygone as bygone

TERRIBLE WEATHER.

Many Strange Troubles on Sea Land.

Mountainous seas raged last night in the Channel. Several large steamers were driven ashore for shelter. A steamer of the Royal Navy, and a tug, were driven ashore, and a tug was wrecked.

There seems no doubt that in a storm the Spanish coast the Dutch dredger wrecked near Cape Villavieja. Seven men of the latter have perished.

At Cherbourg de Sein the British steamer *Laurewood* has been wrecked. Ten officers are missing. All the passengers of the second mate were rescued. The day boat from Dieppe yesterday arrived at Newhaven with a large number of passengers.

Dieppe, which left Newhaven yesterday, ran into the pier in entering the harbour, and sustained considerable damage. The Dover harbour tug prevented the steamer *Rauza* from driving ashore. The eastern cliffs yesterday morning. Several men had been badly burned by a fire with kerosene oil.

Church Struck by Lightning. One is requested not to mention it; in this instance, being the weather, though it has rained with a singular persistence in London these last few days.

In the Isle of Wight they have had a storm. So much so that early yesterday the well-known God's Hill Church, at Ventnor, was struck by lightning. The spires of the tower were torn down. The clock tower was torn down. The roof of the tower was torn down. The roof of the tower was torn down.

The building is practically ruined. The spires are standing in an exposed position, and is surrounded by a high wall, and dates back to the 13th century. It is a noted landmark, and is a place of interest to all visitors to the island.

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he cost of the schools was £25,000, but et they are quite unique as far as London concerned.

ENOCH ARDEN HAPPY AGAIN.

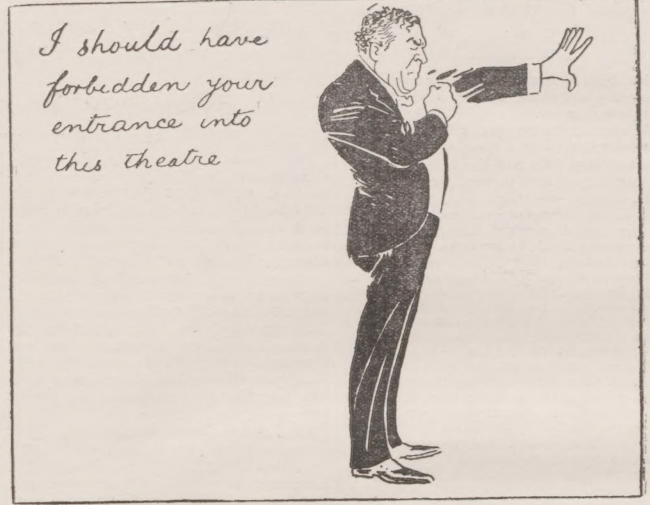
he much-suffering Enoch Arden and his g-lost wife are happy again. The story was charged with bigamy—a charge which Enoch Arden himself had voluntarily a nominal punishment—was sentenced to three days' imprisonment, amounting to an immediate discharge. Enoch Arden's real name is Kennedy, and marriage he went away to sea, and was icked. His wife, believing he was dead, married again, and Kennedy also solicited a wife with another wife.

The long-parted pair afterwards came her again, and were living happily; charges of bigamy were preferred against h of them.

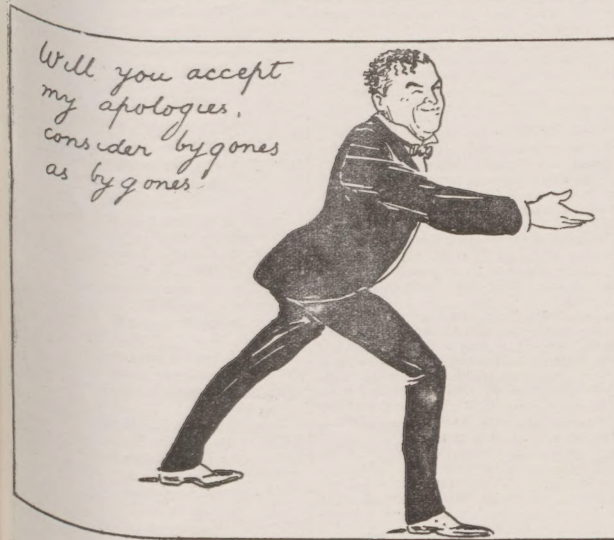
"THE TIMES" PICTURE POSTCARDS.—Series No. I.



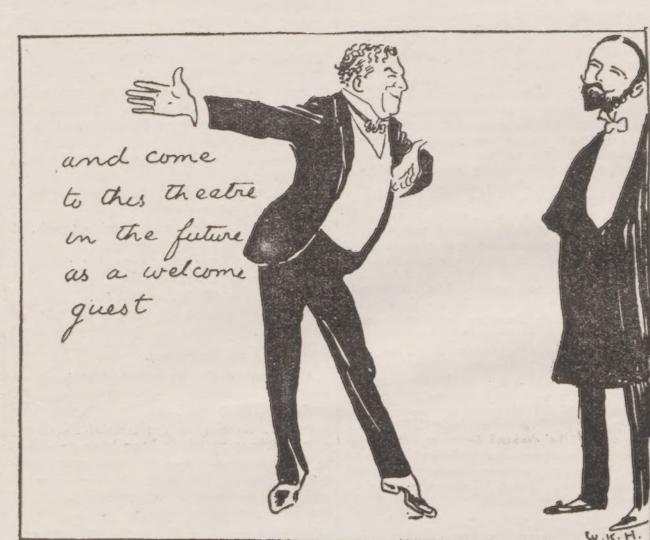
*I much regret
that in a moment
of excitement*



*I should have
forbidden your
entrance into
this theatre*



*Will you accept
my apologies,
consider bygones
as bygones*



*and come
to this theatre
in the future
as a welcome
guest*

The Bouchier-Walkley Episode in Four Scenes.

TERRIBLE WEATHER.

Many Strange Troubles on Sea and Land.

Mountainous seas raged last night in the Channel. Several large steamers put into shore signals of distress, and a tug put off to her assistance.

There seems no doubt that in a storm off the Spanish coast the Dutch dredger Rosario and the British steamer Kenmore have been wrecked near Cape Villalo. Seven men of the crew of the latter have perished.

At Chausee de Sein the British steamer Manche, which left Newhaven yesterday for the crew has been wrecked. Ten men of the crew except the mate were saved.

The day boat from Dieppe yesterday experienced one of the worst passages on record, and arrived at Newhaven hours late. The ss. Manche, which left Newhaven yesterday for the crew has been wrecked. Ten men of the crew except the mate were saved.

The Dover harbour tug prevented the Liverpool steamer Rauza from driving ashore under the eastern cliffs yesterday morning. Four men had been badly burned by an accident with kerosene oil.

Church struck by lightning.

One is requested not to mention it; the "it," in this instance, being the weather. But though it has rained with a singular and depressing insistence in London these last days, on the Isle of Wight they have had thunder.

So much so that early yesterday morning the well-known God's Hill Church, about six miles from Ventnor, was struck by lightning. The face of the clock tower were torn down and all the windows were smashed. The spire, which was carried to one end of the church, and the roof is practically ruined.

It is one of the oldest and finest churches in the island, and is surrounded by trees. The church, and dates back to the Norman period. It is a noted landmark, and one well known to all visitors to the island.

THE RUBBER MATCH.

England's Chances of Beating Australia at Adelaide.

The third Test match between English and Australian cricketers which commences at Adelaide to-day possesses a special interest of its own, for if the Englishmen come triumphant through the ordeal the rubber will have been won and the lost ashes will have been recovered.

The victories gained in the first two matches were brilliant in the extreme, and we are certainly justified in feeling a certain amount of confidence with regard to the issue of to-day's encounter.

At Melbourne, however, we were to a certain extent helped to victory by the state of the pitch, which favoured our bowlers, and it is probable that on the hard Adelaide wickets, on which the ball, when delivered by the bowler, seldom rises above the level of the stumps, we shall find the task of dismissing the Australian batsmen a far more difficult one than in either of the previous encounters.

The glare on the Adelaide ground is more disconcerting than at either Sydney or Melbourne, and our men, comparatively unused to the surroundings, will doubtless find both this and the heat from the sun very trying.

The following are the probable teams:

AUSTRALIA.	ENGLAND.
R. A. Duh.	P. F. Watney.
V. Trumper.	B. J. T. Bosanquet.
C. Hill.	Knight.
M. A. Noble.	Hayward.
W. W. Armstrong.	Tyldesley.
A. J. Hopkins.	Arnold.
W. P. Howell.	Braund.
S. Gregory.	Hirst.
H. Trumble.	Lilley.
J. J. Kelly.	Relf.
C. McLeod.	Rhodes.

R. E. Foster, who has fully recovered from his chill, will unfortunately be unable to play owing to an injury to his hand, sustained while at practice yesterday. On the Australian side J. V. Saunders, who did not prove very successful at Melbourne, will most likely give way to C. McLeod.

A SPLENDID WICKET.

Adelaide, Thursday, Jan. 14.

A faultless wicket has been prepared. The two captains have agreed to shorten the drive at each end of the wicket by twenty-five

yards, to cut the grass in the outfield daily, and to roll the wicket each evening if it has been raining.

The following is the official forecast for to-morrow: "Fine—thunderly conditions approaching."

In view of the extraordinary number of catches dropped at Melbourne during the last test match the Englishmen have been devoting themselves assiduously to fielding practice.

A nasty accident occurred to Mr. Foster to-day which, it is feared, may incapacitate him for the match. He stopped a hot drive from Strudwick, and in doing so crushed his left thumb. The injury is giving him much pain.

Arnold and Mr. Bosanquet have both recovered.—Reuter's Special.

COUNTY HOCKEY.

At Olton yesterday an interesting hockey match was played between teams representing Worcestershire and Northamptonshire, both of which counties boasted an undefeated record for the season.

Worcestershire had the better of the exchanges in the opening half, and at the interval were leading by 2 goals (Greening and N. Thompson) to 1 (Long).

In the second half the Northamptonshire side showed marked improvement. Knight equalised, and before the end of the game Ranger notched the third point for Northamptonshire, who thus gained a somewhat unexpected victory by 3 goals to 2.

ROYAL RESIDENCE FOR IRELAND.

Writing of the royal visit to Ireland the London correspondent of the "Irish Times" says: "People need not be surprised if Queen Alexandra does not accompany his Majesty. Ireland in future is to be treated as Scotland as regards royal visits, and, moreover, Parliament is to be invited to provide a residence suited to the requirements of their Majesties."

RACING AT HAYDOCK PARK.

Proceedings at Haydock Park yesterday opened with the Station Hurdle, but Menelik failed to follow up the successes gained at Plumpton and Birmingham. Pango Pango beat the soft-hearted Cynosurus by a length.

One of the most unlucky animals to the ex-jockey R. Colling is Ortygian. Yesterday, after looking all over the winner of the Earlston Hurdle, he was done with at the last hurdle, and Jocular won easily.

The principal race followed, and Little May II., who beat most of those opposed to her yesterday at the last December meeting, was expected to score another victory. She, however, never flattered in the race, and Harvest Home II., whom very few would have in the market for some reason or other, beat Foxhill from the last fence by three-quarters of a length.

Hughath Lath was indulged with a walk over for the White Lodge Selling Steeplechase, but failed to elicit a bid at the subsequent auction.

Of the three that turned out for the St. Helens Steeplechase long odds were laid on Carrier Pigeon, who made the whole of the running, and won by twenty lengths from Canter Home.

The proceedings concluded with another walk over, as, although there were fifteen coloured on the card for the Club Maiden Steeplechase, nothing turned out to oppose Longthorpe. Results:—

Race.	Horse.	Jockey.	Price.
Station H'dle (13)	Pango Pango	Heany	5 to 1
Earlston H'dle (8)	Jocular	Mason	8 to 1
Hay's Pk. Pte. (7)	H'vestH'mell	Philips	6 to 1
White Lodge S'te	Hughath Lath	Mr. Labor	w.o.
St. Helens S'te	Carrier Pigeon	Magee	1 to 3
Ch. M'den S'te	Longthorpe	Driscoll	w.o.

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

There should be good sport at Hurst Park to-day, when the following may win:—

Teddington Selling Hurdle—Rainfall or Sunny South; Overnight Steeplechase—Famish or Partridge; New Year Hurdle—Cossack Post or Donative; Maiden Hurdle—Archon or Mrs. Peggoty; Surbiton Steeplechase—Thranen or Snowdon.

At the leading Turf centres in London yesterday the Epsom Derby was again mentioned, a wager of a thousand to forty being noted to Lord Falmouth's filly Fiancée, and a thousand to forty accepted about Mr. R. Croker's Clonmell, who is a bay colt by his Majesty's stallion Florizel II.—Iernor. Both animals were unbeaten during their juvenile career.

SISTERS IN LAW COURTS.

Dispute in Which a Runaway Match Plays a Part.

Mr. Justice Lawrence had the experience yesterday of hearing a case in which three sisters were at law.

The action was brought by Mrs. Scott, who resides at Sussex-place, Bournemouth, against her two sisters, Ida and Marian, in respect to the property of their mother, Mrs. Goldstein. Mrs. Scott, as executrix to the estate, claimed that certain articles of jewellery and shares in public companies (which defendants claimed to be theirs) should be handed over to her for administration.

Lord Coleridge, K.C., in opening the case, said the result of the success of Mrs. Scott's claim would be that first of all the creditors would be paid, and then, as Mrs. Goldstein died intestate, the money would be equally divided among the children.

It was the practice of Mrs. Goldstein through life never to have any of her property in her own name, and she utilised all sorts of people to be nominal owners of her property.

The defendants said that the property, because it was in the name of one or other of them, was their own, that it did not form part of their mother's estate, and the creditors would have to go without their money.

Runaway Match and Destroyed Will.

Mrs. Scott said that her sisters had no property except what they had earned on the stage in this country.

Cross-examined, Mrs. Scott said that she had contracted a runaway marriage. Her mother destroyed what she said was her will in her presence. She could not say what year that was, but it was during the two years her sisters were on the stage.

Her mother said, "Here goes the will. I will leave all my children alike."

In re-examination, Mrs. Scott declared that her mother made a great number of wills, and when she (Mrs. Scott) got married she was scored out of the one then in existence. She and her mother afterwards became completely reconciled.

Her sisters went out to South Africa with their mother, their stage name being Gold, and the mother wrote home to Mrs. Scott, complaining of their "horrible" ill-treatment of her. Seven days after the death of the mother Marian got married.

Mr. Nathan Goldstein, a brother, stated that his mother took umbrage at Mrs. Scott's marriage, and the predominant wish of his mother was that whatever was left of her estate should be divided between the defendants. When his two sisters resolved to go to South Africa his mother determined to go also, as she "could not do without them."

The case was adjourned.

VICAR AND NURSEMAID.

Mr. Gill Gives Up the Case, and a Verdict of Guilty Follows.

The Rev. H. M. Marsh Edwards, a Nottinghamshire vicar, has been found guilty of the charges preferred against him with regard to the young girl, Caroline Meeson, formerly a nurse in his employ.

During the hearing at the Consistory Court at Lincoln's Inn Old Hall it has been shown that the clergyman was seized with a strange infatuation for Miss Meeson, who is the daughter of a collier. After she left his employment she lived in various places, and the vicar continually visited her. Finally a child was born.

When the hearing was resumed yesterday, Mr. Gill, K.C., leading counsel for the defence, stated that he did not feel justified in putting his client into the witness-box. In consequence of information before him, he had come to the conclusion that he could take no further part in contesting the case. The evidence already given would be uncontradicted, and he could not presume to address the court upon it.

The Chancellor, addressing Mr. Gill, said he had exercised a wise discretion, and had done what might have been expected of him.

Some rather uninteresting evidence, confirming facts already stated, was given, and a postman from Birmingham said he frequently delivered letters at Miss Meeson's house addressed to "the Right Rev. Bishop Marsh Edwards."

The Chancellor said the court unanimously found the respondent guilty of the charges brought against him, and they would report to the bishop what the sentence should be. Respondent must pay the costs of the proceedings.

LOSING HIS SPURS.

A soldier in the Royal Horse Artillery, named Benjamin Tribe, was ordered three months' imprisonment, at the Old Bailey, for breaking a constable's ankle by kicking him during a street disturbance at Battersea. Tribe was wearing spurs at the time, and these had to be trodden on and wrenched off before he could be arrested.

UNNAMED VARIETIES.

Great difficulty having been experienced in arriving at the name of a Swiss witness, at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, Mr. Plowden asked him for his card, remarking that all aliens should always carry cards.

MR. WRIGHT STILL FRESH.

But the Jury Grow Very Weary of Huge Figures.

SYMPATHY FROM THE BENCH.

The absurdity of referring to the complicated proceedings now going on in King's Bench Court VIII. as the "trial" of Mr. Whitaker Wright is becoming more apparent every day. The truth is that Mr. Wright is not a bit "tried" by what is being said and done; he does not even feel bored. On the contrary, he looks every day fresher and more appreciative of the efforts that lawyers and financiers are making to amuse one another.

But the jury have begun to feel that the burden imposed upon them is a heavier one than they can bear without protest. So, when Mr. Justice Bigham took his seat ten minutes late yesterday, the foreman of the jury handed him up a letter.

The Judge read it with knitted brow. Then he turned to the jury and said: "I am very sorry that it is impossible to do it. This is a criminal case. In a civil case some such arrangement could be made. I quite sympathise with you. It is a hardship that you should all be brought away from your work and have to pay such close attention to such a difficult case."

Later on in the day his lordship, addressing counsel, asked them when the case would finish. He had to go away on Tuesday, but if it would not finish by then he must make other arrangements. He was determined in any case that the hearing should not be hurried.

Mr. Lawson Walton: It is impossible to finish by Tuesday.

His Lordship: Oh, well, that's enough. I must make other arrangements.

Mr. Isaacs: Then about Saturday, my lord? The jury would doubtless like a rest.

A Juror: Oh! Saturday off!

His Lordship said he would not sit on Saturday.

Examining an Examiner.

A very misused term is that which has been applied to the processes adopted by Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Walton of obtaining information from Mr. Russell, of the Official Receiver's office. These processes have been described as "examination" and "cross-examination," but Mr. Russell is himself an "examiner" and, what is more, a "senior examiner"—in the Bankruptcy Department. To talk of examining an examiner is obviously ridiculous. If it is persisted in we shall hear of a senior dean being viva-voiced next.

Just as the whole of Wednesday was devoted to this so-called "examination" of the senior examiner, so the whole of yesterday practically was devoted to his "cross-examination" by Mr. Walton. By the expressions of

pleasure that from time to time flitted across the faces of lawyers and financiers alike, it was judged that his answers were particularly illuminating. Among the interesting things that he said that came within the compass of the lay understanding was that Mr. Wright once generously advanced over £450,000 from his own pocket to the London and Globe, and that the London and Globe once, with equal generosity, bought some worthless shares from the British America for £400,000 or its equivalent.

It was while the latter event was being discussed that Mr. Justice Bigham made one of the few little jokes that he permits himself. "Supposing I had gone to the London and Globe office and told them that I wanted to buy at £5 some of the £24 Le Roi shares, which they were valuing in their balance-sheet at £5," he said, and the rest of his supposition was drowned in a roar of legal and financial laughter.

In the middle of the day a touching incident occurred, which reminded the lawyers' clerks near the door of the stories which they used to read in their Sunday school prizes. A little boy, dressed in a sailor suit, was brought in by his father to take a fleeting peep at the great lawyers and great financiers assembled in court.

Youthful Ambition.

The father whispered to the little boy that if he was an industrious little boy, and stuck to his Smith's Principia, he might one day become a famous K.C. like Mr. Rufus Isaacs, and wear a silk gown, and that if he did all the sums in his Hamblin Smith he might even live to be a mighty ex-millionaire like Mr. Whitaker Wright. At least, that was what the father seemed to be whispering, judging from the eager light that shone in the little boy's eyes.

In very much the same way as when the tide goes down it leaves well-known objects, such as rocks, exposed to view, so the slackening of the flood that filled the court to overflowing at the beginning of the trial has left sitting on the back benches, in sight of everybody, those popular personalities, Mr. Arnold White and Mr. Sinclair McCleary. At first one could only get an occasional peep at them.

Mr. Lawson Walton availed himself of this circumstance to call attention to the latter as being a thorough business man who was formerly one of Mr. Wright's board. The compliment Mr. Sinclair McCleary acknowledged with smiles.

There is now no fear of the trial concluding before the end of next week, which would have been a pity, considering its instructive character. Mr. Justice Bigham has announced that he has given up the hope he had of bringing it to an end next Tuesday, and so Mr. Justice Jelf is going to take his learned brother's place on the Northern Assizes.

WHEN A PLASTERER WORKS.

A plasterer, suing in Clerkenwell County Court yesterday for wages due to him from a builder, admitted that his master had made a complaint against him, and that was that he was doing his work too well.

He was asked whether it wasn't the case that the builder complained of his slowness.

How could that be when we had our coats and waistcoats off? the plaintiff asked in an injured tone.

Does that prove that you were working hard?

Yes, and the people outside thought so, too, for they came round the houses in regiments, singing, "Work boys, work and be contented."

But why should these regiments come and sing to you?

We were in our shirts and they saw we were working hard.

You attach a lot of value to that, don't you?

Well, we don't take them off without we mean work, you can take my word.

CONVICTIONS AS HIS DEFENCE.

The Gaming Act being pleaded by a man sued at Lambeth County Court yesterday for the recovery of a bet, he was told that it only applied to principals.

Upon this his counsel said that his client was a bookmaker, and produced a record of the number of times he had been fined for street betting.

The case was dismissed, Judge Emden remarking that it was the first time he remembered a man putting in his own convictions in defence.

THE TOILETTE DID NOT COUNT.

The wife of a debtor told a tale of dire distress to Judge Bacon at Whitechapel County Court. She was somewhat elaborately attired and the Judge asked, "Why do you spend so much on dress, woman?"

The Witness: Well, your worship, one must be a little bit respectable.

The Judge: Respectability does not depend upon black velvet and jet beads or on feathers.

"AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO."

"I myself am a motorist," said Judge Emden at Lambeth County Court yesterday, and as this was the case he thought that a plaintiff, suing for damages on the allegation that a motor-car had smashed a cab, might prefer to have his action heard in some other court.

But the plaintiff's counsel was delighted to hear the judge was a motorist. The grounds of the claim would be more easily realised.

Judge Emden: I would not have mentioned the matter only for the absurdly high feeling at present prevailing against motorists. Since I began to drive I have acquired an enormous amount of experience of every class of traffic, which I find very valuable to me on the Bench.

RUNNING RISKS IN PRISON.

A serious mistake on the part of the police was disclosed at the South-Western Police Court yesterday. A week ago, when a youth was charged with petty theft, a prison certificate had been produced which showed that the accused had previously served twelve months with hard labour for housebreaking.

Yesterday the warder said that this was not the case. The mistake had arisen on account of a confusion of numbers by which the prisoners at Brixton Gaol were known. The number of another prisoner had been affixed to the man's breast at Brixton.

The Magistrate: It is most improper. The lad, through the mistake, has been detained in custody a week longer than he ought.

The youth was at once discharged.

NO HOME, NO PICTURES.

The young man, after sixteen months, had broken off the engagement, and the young lady, in consequence, sought advice from Mr. Curtis Bennett, at Marylebone Court, for she wished to know whether her faithful lover could legally obtain from her pictures and other things which he got during their engagement given her towards setting up their home.

The Magistrate: I should have thought you would have been glad to have got rid of them, so that they would not remind you of him any more. You must not keep his pictures.

AN EAST END CAIN

Sent to 14 Years' Penal Servitude for Killing His Brother.

The man Joseph Stewart, who had been indicted for the wilful murder of his brother at Stepney, appeared to be almost paralysed with fear when he was placed in the Old Bailey dock yesterday. He sat crouching forward with his eyes bent upon the floor, his limbs trembling violently.

When his mother was called to give evidence against him Stewart crouched up in the dock that he became quite invisible to those in court.

Stewart had been on bad terms with his mother and his two brothers, John and William. The latter, when Joseph came to the mother's house and created a disturbance, remonstrated with him. A struggle ensued, and Joseph stabbed his brother in the chest with a penknife. William died from the effects of this.

For the defence it was urged that Stewart was one of manslaughter rather than murder, the crime being absolutely unpremeditated, and that there had been great provocation.

The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter. Stewart, weeping and speaking in broken accents, faltered out in his defence that he had been drinking.

The judge, in passing sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude, said he did not think drink was so much responsible as the prisoner would have them believe.

TUTOR IN TROUBLE.

Son of a Rector Accused of Extorting Money by Threats.

Before a full bench of magistrates at the Old Bailey yesterday, Charles John Nichol, a young man charged with demanding with menaces the sum of £150 from Mr. J. T. Nutter, a local J.P. The prisoner is stated to be the son of the rector of Amphil.

From a mysterious "K. Rickards, Esq., Turnstile, Holborn," Mr. Nutter received a letter on January 4 threatening to expose the fact for misappropriating money belonging to the Bedford County Hospital unless he paid him £150.

A cunning member of the Bedford police force, to whom Mr. Nutter communicated, forwarded a reply to this letter. Too much said this provincial Lecoq, had been asked could the writer not make it less?

The Metropolitan Police sent Detective Barron to Holborn to watch. He saw the prisoner go in, ask for a "Rickards" letter, and get one. When the accused incautiously threw away the envelope the detective picked it up, and then took charge of him.

Nichol reserved his defence. Bail was fixed at himself in £200 and two in £100 each.

THE BRIEF BAG.

Mr. Justice Wills had so far recovered from his cold that he was able to resume his seat in the Divisional Court yesterday.

A hatter complained at Clerkenwell County Court that trade was so bad that when he used to sell three silk hats in a day he did not now sell one.

Mary Molloy, a domestic servant, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment at Brixton for stealing silver medals, etc., belonging to Harold Hilton, the champion golfer.

"I never heard a cabinet-maker who admitted that he made anything," said Judge Smyly satirically, at Shoreditch. Trade in which the masters never make a profit and live on nothing.

Charles Blake Cochran, accused of fraud in his capacity as director of Charles Cochran and Co., Ltd., was discharged from custody when he was brought up at the Old Bailey yesterday.

For stealing four army railway warrants belonging to the Secretary of State for War, Frederick Wm. Burton, a clerk, was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment in the second division at Marlborough-street yesterday.

The man Walter Albert, charged with the murderous assault in a railway carriage on the North London Railway recently, was remanded at Worship-street yesterday, as his Freeth, the victim of the assault, was not well enough to attend.

In an impudent tone an alien who had smashed a plate-glass window, told the Metropolitan magistrate yesterday that he could not get work, he had become dissatisfied. "Find me something to do, I don't want to be a labourer."

Shamus O'Brien, an expert burglar, who had habitually taken a greenhorn with him as a pupil, was ordered three years' penal servitude at the South London Sessions yesterday for housebreaking. Henry Pierce, the pupil in this instance, was sent to prison for two months.



Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH as Koko.

ITS GHOSTS REVISITING THE GLIMPSES OF THE NEW.

Those of us who were boys a little while ago will remember that Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "King George's Middy," gave his hero, among other privileges the gift of seeing into the future. Mr. Gilbert—our own Mr. Gilbert—illustrated the book himself, if one's recollection serves one rightly, and showed it by his pictures as conclusively as his father did by his literature that the desired faculty proved the very reverse of a blessing. The "Middy" saw in a sort of mysterious "camera obscura" his friends disappearing one by one, till he was left all alone against



Poor, unpopular Dick Deadeye.

a dark, unpeopled background, and then—by that time the "Middy" had prayed to be an ordinary man again. It is a story which he had helped to immortalise in the bright little festival that made the merry yesterday within the walls of the reconstructed Savoy. If he did, that very festival must have done much to comfort him. For friends never do really vanish altogether. Even if they have passed "beyond the rainbow" they cannot but come back sometimes in the spirit to the old scenes of their triumphs. One cannot help feeling, accordingly, that the Savoy yesterday there were many other happy presences, beside those still living persons of its first days, among whom Miss Kenna Brandram alone remains in the old company to sing still under the old roof. Nor were the ghosts that walked "for this evening only" by any means confined to the



Miss L. BRANDHAM as Patience.
"I cannot tell what this love may be
That cometh to others and not to me."

THE OLD SAVOY.

ghosts of actual people. For the Savoy has been these twenty years a magic palace where other people have lived beside mortals. "The Mikado," for instance, is by no means necessarily bound to the sturdy person of Mr. Richard Temple.

On the contrary, that monarch of the waving top-knot has an existence quite apart from the honoured professor of elocution at the Guildhall School of Music.

Indeed, the mere supposition that the two are one and the same person is quite unworkable. For, if it were so, what would become

of poor Dick Deadeye, who has just as great a claim upon the cheery creator of both. As for Mr. Grossmith, if he were all the gentlemen at once that he has seemed to be, he would be positively torn in pieces. Bunthorne would be struggling for him with Jack Point, John Wellington Wells with the Lord High Executioner. Yet all these lived as surely almost as Mr. Grossmith himself.

Again, the jovial abductor of the Gondoliers is a real, undying personality—a welcome guest in the hearts of people who, if they met Mr. Denny at the Savage Club, would be quite surprised at being told that he had ever been so cruel as to leave Mr. Rutland Barrington and Mr. Courtice Pounds "gaily prattling."

There must be something pathetic about this to the actor. He becomes middle-aged and material, but his spiritual offspring survive, ever young, and make their habitation far more about the place than about the person to which they owe their immortality.

So, amid the strangely humdrum-looking crowd that strayed about the old theatre with its new dress of red and blue that has come to replace pure gold that we knew, there might well have been all the time an unseen phantasmagoria of gay shapes who hardly recog-



LADY JANE IN "PATIENCE."
"There will be too much of me in the coming by-and-by."

nised their parents. Even the "three little maids from school" must surely have been toddling about those corridors, immutably girlish, regardless of the envy of several grave ladies who had in their time pretended to be one of them.

The Critics' Contribution.

And one was led to imagine not only a phantom show but a phantom audience. If there is a temple where the souls of the sensibly righteous foregather it is the Savoy. In how many country rectories and quiet suburban homes, where the daughters were pretty fifteen or sixteen years ago, the mere mention of the name of the Savoy sends everyone away in thought to that little burrow off the Strand—widened now out of existence—which led like a fairy passage to a scene of unforgettable brightness and jollity.

One cannot but wish that somehow or other these two phantom hosts could be brought together in the old place before it is restored past recognition. Could one not bring, indeed, the actual people to whom the Savoy meant so much, in the days when nothing else was respectable? Could one not bring them to meet those bright companions of their youth all at once and altogether, say, in a great Savoyard fancy dress ball, upon which the actors could look from the balcony and boxes and see the full fruit of their labours and be satisfied?

The question arises, if some occasion like that were arranged, should the critics be

invited? Frankly, they don't deserve it. They have had less part than any in the creation of the image-world at the Savoy. For some reason or other the Savoy operas were never accorded any particular praise until they ceased to need it. If one looks back even at the first notices of "The Mikado" one finds the most half-hearted references.

The "Times," for instance, did little else than sneer at "A Japanese Opera." "It does not," we read, "differ in any marked degree from its numerous predecessors." Here are some other remarks:—"Mr. Gilbert does not tax the perception of his admirers." "The story . . . is so childish that, on being compelled to sum it up on paper, one blushes at the remembrance." "Smirking girls . . . ogle and flirt and attitudinize." "The line between fun and a mere tickling of the ears of the groundlings is not sufficiently observed."

There is no record of the "Times" critic of the day having been subsequently excluded from the Savoy, so there is no need of an apology.

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FEMININITY—AND A MORAL.

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS. By Alfred Sutro. (Is. Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Sutro is well known as an author and as the translator of Maeterlinck, but if he had written nothing else save the seven stories contained in this little volume the discerning would know that an artist had arrived who possessed an instinctive grip of the technique of the short story, and one in whom the perception of motives is allied to an ability for vivid portrayal.

"The Foolish Virgins" might serve as a text-book for those who imagine that the difference between the short story and the novel is largely a question of the number of words, who have a vague notion that a chapter of a novel might be converted into a short story, or that the short story is the germ of a novel. The ideal of the writer of the short story should be to select a moment in the life of the central character or of the characters of his story which will enable him to show them swiftly, and with the definition which can only be produced by the illuminating flash of his genius. The short story might be inadequately described as an episode or an incident, but at its best there will be a revelation of character, much as if a face, clearly defined, vividly focussed in light, had suddenly appeared to one from the darkness.

Such is the impression made on the mind by these stories. They bring a sharp flavour,



TWO VERY RESPECTABLE PERSONS.
Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Rutland Barrington in "Ruddigore."

too, but it is the tonic to the mind which comes of clear thinking, and there is something of cynicism, but it is the wholesome cynicism which attends that great gift, common sense.

Moreover, in these stories, adopting the conversational method—the dialogue is easy, natural, and, as it need be, in a short story, very much to the point—Mr. Sutro is generally compelled by the "situation" to give us at least two points of view, but neither is slurred. He is equally convincing in both. For example, in "The World Well Lost" we feel that the commonplace lover of the artistic heroine is right in his desire to act as protector, but that the girl is equally right in her opposition. In other words, we feel that the way in which they regard the matter at issue is natural on both sides, but that the two views cannot be made to coincide, and there is no more to be said.

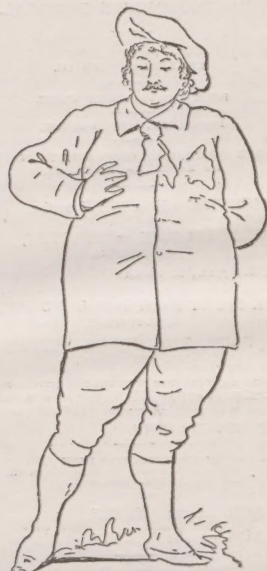
When the artist, the married man, whom



A recollection of "Three Little Maids from School."

she loves, tells her that he has arranged to leave his wife, his explanation of what, at first, we condemn engages our sympathy, and when one has been betrayed into sympathy with the "foolish virgin" who desires to go with him, it is but to recognise that, when the artist, loving her as he does, puts such a sacrifice from him, matters have assumed their proper perspective and that the artist in advising her to place self-respect before love, and the sanities of home before intellectual ambition, is wholly convincing.

This is the art of the dramatist, not only to see the alternatives in certain circumstances from the point of view of those concerned, but

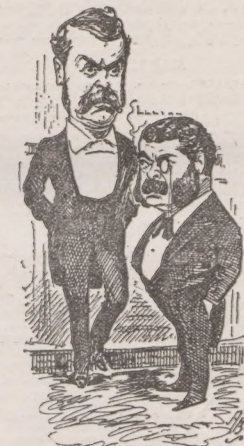


"I AM A VERY NARCISSUS."
Mr. Rutland Barrington as Grosvenor in "Patience."

to make the onlooker feel that these are not puppets jerked along the lines of some preconceived thesis, but men and women in whose motives and actions we are greatly concerned.

It would be unfair to the author to detail the action of these vital stories, although one is greatly tempted to do so. The situations are mostly those bearing upon problems of sex, and, consequently, in the cant of artificiality, may be described as of a "delicate" character; but whilst one expects it of human nature that this will draw many to read the book, it is equally certain that no one will leave it without having encountered much that makes strongly for righteousness.

No moral tag will be found after the fashion of Æsop, but the effect of the light of the sun in dark places is here all the same. Mr. Sutro gets near the Devil in some of these stories, but it is that he may deal that dark person some very shrewd blows.



THE GREAT ALLIES
Mr. W. S. Gilbert and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan as seen by the captious critic.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT and TO-MORROW, at 8 and 9 o'clock.
Preceded at 8.30 by THE WIDOW WOOL.
LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), at 2.30.
TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, Jan. 19, at 8.45,
JOSEPH ENTANGLED.
By Henry Arthur Jones.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.

LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box Office 10 to 10.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
MR. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE
on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of OLD
HEIDELBERG will be resumed. Seats can now be booked.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and
Williams, 610, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.
Articles sent from this country receive immediate attention.

BRIDES.—Barton's Problem Diagram (Copyright)—Pad, 50
Diagrams, 1s. post free.—Barton, Lollyhurst, Manchester.

MOST divinely tall and fair, "Hinde's Curliers" wave her
pretty hair.

SEEGERS HAIR DYE.—"Twin sister to nature." Unde-
tectable.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND. 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

CHARITIES.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

PATRON:
H.M. KING EDWARD VII.

PRESIDENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Founded 1123. Refounded 1547.

NUMBER OF BEDS, 670. CONVALESCENT HOME, 70.
NO APPEAL FOR 160 YEARS.

A MEETING will be HELD at the

MANSION HOUSE on TUESDAY,
JANUARY 26,

AT 3.0 p.m., at which

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR

WILL PRESIDE,

TO RAISE THE FUNDS NECESSARY

FOR REBUILDING.

HINDE'S WAVERS.

HINDE'S WAVERS.

THE ATTRACTIVE KINK.
"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive
"kink" in the hair.—Ladies' Field."

PUNCH on the "KINK."

PUNCH on the "KINK."

"Punch" asks: Why is Marconi like Hinde's?
Because both produce wavers in the hair.
"Punch" Office, 40, Boulevard-street.

PUNCH on the "KINK."

PUNCH on the "KINK."

For the Attractive "Kink" see HINDE'S WAVERS,
Nos. 11, 14, 16, 21.

HINDE'S WAVERS.

HINDE'S WAVERS.

BIRTHS.

BURROWS.—On Jan. 11, at 38, Stillness-road, Forest-hill,
S.E., the wife of Mr. Ernest W. Burrows, of a son.

GARRICK.—On Jan. 12, at Herston, Perth, W. Australia,
the wife of P. C. Garrick, of a daughter.

HARVEY.—On the 12th inst., the wife of John Harvey, of
Carnarvon, of a son.

HINDS.—On Jan. 12, at Bexley House, Cragford, Kent, the
wife of Thomas W. Hinds, M.D., of a son.

JACKSON.—On Jan. 11, at 45, Berma-road, Clissold-park,
Stoke Newington, N., the wife of Albert Jackson, of a son.

KUGLEY.—On the 4th inst., at Trehan, Clifton-road,
Buxley, the wife of Mr. J. C. Kugley, of a son.

REVELL.—On the 13th inst., at the Briers, West-hill-road,
S.W., the wife of Hugh Stanley Revell, of a son.

BUTCLIFF.—On Jan. 11, at Morton House, Torrington,
Devon, the wife of E. Harvey Butcliff, M.B., M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

COUTTS-TAYLOR.—On Jan. 12, at the Mariners' Church,
Kingstown, Ireland, by the Rev. John Pim, B.D., Donald
Coutts, Bachelor, of London, to Susan, eldest
daughter of the late John Taylor, Lake View, Funnahin,
Mohill, Co. Leitrim.

O'CONNOR-MORE O'FERRALL.—On the 9th inst., at the
private chapel of Lisard, Charles Hugh O'Connor, youngest
son of the Right Hon. O'Connor Don, of Clonsilla, to Ellen
Ellis, eldest daughter of the late More O'Ferrall, of
Lisard, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford.

WILKINSON-LAWES.—On the 7th inst., at St. Mary's,
Kingsway, Kensington, the wife of Captain W. Lawes, widow of the
late Mr. Mary Magdalen, the Rev. Frederick Wil-
kinson, fourth son of the late Frederick Wilkinson,
Master-in-Equity of the Supreme Court, Melbourne,
Victoria, and Mrs. Wilkinson, 44, Aurland-road, West
Kensington, to Ada Anne, second daughter of the late
Henry Lawes, Barrister-at-law, Melbourne, Victoria.

DEATHS.

ADAMS.—On the 12th inst., at Eveswood, Oakham, Surrey,
Anna Maria, widow of Captain W. Adams, 2nd
Queen's, aged 74.

BOISWORTH.—On the 13th inst., at Redholme, St. Peter's,
York, Mary Anne, wife of Ernest Ralph Bois-
worth.

HEY.—On Jan. 12, 1904, at Quarry Bank, Belper (the
residence of her son-in-law), Maria Jane, widow of the
late Rev. Canon Hey, Vicar of Belper, aged 80 years.

LINDSAY.—On the 12th inst., at Brandridge, Reddington,
Elms, widow of the late Wm. Lindsay, aged 66.

MALET.—On the 12th inst., at Brighton, Sir Henry Charles
Malet, Bart., of Wilbury, in his 65th year.

PHILPOT.—On Jan. 11, at Elm, Cambridge, Mary
Jane, widow of the late Right Reverend Henry Philpot,
formerly Bishop of Worcester, aged 89 years.

FRICK.—On the 13th inst., at Elm, Cambridge, near Chard,
after a short illness, Jane Stock. Beloved by all.

WILMER.—On the Feast of the Epiphany, at Netherborough,
Leicestershire, Frederick Bradford Wilmer.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of
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9s. 9d.; for six months, 15s. 6d.; or for a year, 29s.
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror*
will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon
their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped
addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed
plainly to the Editors, the *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-
street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on
the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manu-
scripts should have the writer's name and address written
on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on
leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accom-
pany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Japan the Aggressor.

Up to now the view adopted without
serious question in this country has been
that Russia is the aggressive Power in the
Far East. It has availed little to point
out that a war would be a serious hindrance
to the development of Russian plans. Nor
does it serve any better to show that these
plans, which are the embodiment of what
has been Russia's traditional policy for
over two hundred years, were bound to bring
her, sooner or later, into conflict with Japan,
just as the policy of Spain brought her into
conflict with England in 1588. "La
Russie, c'est l'ennemi" is the feeling of
eight out of every ten Britons to-day, as it
has been since the middle of last century.
Consequently, four-fifths of the population
are firmly persuaded that it is Russia which
is the provoker of the quarrel in the present
instance.

But if Mr. F. J. Norman is to be be-
lieved, there is quite another side to the
story. Mr. Norman is credited with know-
ing more than any other European about
Japan and the Japanese. He has lived with
them for a great many years, and has had
exceptional opportunities of studying the
currents of feeling which direct the policy
of the Mikado's advisers. Now Mr. Nor-
man, as we show in the report of an inter-
view which one of our representatives has
had with him, is of opinion that the ruling
caste in Japan is in favour of a war as the
only alternative to a revolution which would
deprive them of their particular privileges.
It is well known that the war against China
was undertaken chiefly in order to consoli-
date the nation, and to heal internal dissen-
sions. Mr. Norman's view is that much
the same policy is being pursued now.

It is not a popular rising that the leading
clans fear. "The people" do not count
for much in the land of the chrysanthemum.
What they are afraid of is an organised
movement among the other aristocratic
families, which would have for its object
the division of the spoils of office among a
much larger number than is permitted to
compete for them at present. Louis Napo-
leon, when he was on the throne of France,
knew that he had only a precarious tenure,
and made up his mind that he could not do
better than keep the public mind off the
idea of a Republic or a change of monarchy
by *une guerre tous les quatre ans*—a war
every four years. That seems to be pretty
much the notion of the Satsuma and Cho-
shu clans, who divide between them the
powers of governing Japan.

It is true that the trend of events during
the past few weeks has suggested that Japan
is a little bit inclined to "funk" and to miss
her opportunity of putting a spoke in
Russia's Far Eastern wheel. But, if Mr.
Norman be right, and if internal as well

as external policy is driving her on towards
war, why, then, the two Powers may very
well be in the death-grapple before many
days are past.

DUMPING AND DINING.

Mr. Chamberlain dined last night with
his Tariff Commission before their first
meeting to-day.

Dining is always fraught with danger.
"God sends the food," says the old pro-
verb, "but the Devil finds the cook." In
this case shall we say the menu-writer? For,
alas! the latter, innocent, doubtless, of any
evil intent—knowing, perhaps, nothing of
the dread disease of fiscalitis or the humour
latent in the fiscal question—has prepared
a card which gives the enemy cause to
smile. Certes, 'tis an irresistible dinner,
but, oh, M. le Comte du Cordon Bleu, why
did you put "Caviar d'Astrakan" at the
head of the menu and "Salade Russe"
in the middle?

Has no royal sturgeon been landed at
Yarmouth this year, no humble herring?
Can none of the market gardeners of
London's suburbs cut you an English salad?
Must you always go to Paris for your sa-
paragus, and to Holland for your sauce?
Even your language is dumped upon you.
You cannot write "Quails after the manner
of Queen Alexandra" and "Green Turtle
from the Cape" without spelling these deli-
cacies "Cailles Reine Alexandra" and
"Tortue verte du Cap." What an opportu-
nity you missed in not writing the whole
in English.

No wonder the old lady in the West of
England prayed for "dear Mr. Chamber-
lain" the other day. She was thinking of
your menu—and the after-dinner jokes it
will produce!

A STIFF PROBLEM.

The fact that Walter Stiff was a Bible-
teacher and an elder in a Christian Church
is likely to catch more attention than the
circumstances of the crime for which he
received a sentence of eight years at the
Old Bailey yesterday. Stiff seems to have
been a thorough-paced rogue; indeed, as
the Recorder said, "an abominable hypo-
crite." He endeavoured to defraud the
County Council of £11,000, attempted to
get other men to commit perjury in order
to bolster up a fictitious claim, and
succeeded in persuading an unfortunate
young woman to share his crime and his
company.

And yet, while he was carrying on this
gross system of fraud and living a life of
sin, he was professing to teach the Bible.
Why? For what reason did Walter Stiff
take the trouble to profane a religion which
he might so easily have avoided? It must
have been a trouble. People do not be-
come elders, Bible-teachers, or "church-
workers," as the phrase sometimes goes,
without doing some work. Why, then,
should a man with criminal instincts do
anything of the sort?

If the Old Bailey judges could lift the
brain-pan of some of the curious charac-
ters who come before them we might get
a little light upon a number of unsolved
psychological problems similar to the one
we have before us in the case of Walter
Stiff.

THE STORM MESSENGERS.

There is a glint of steel-grey plumage
against the mucky, smoke-laden city atmo-
sphere. Not the flutter of grey pigeons from
housetop to housetop, but something swift
and powerful and free, that has no part with town
bondage, no dependence upon man for its
daily food.

It is a succession of graceful swoops rather
than flight which bears it onwards, re-
minding the onlooker of the curling billows
from which it is now fleeing with leisurely
indifference, as becomes one for whom land
and sea and air hold no terrors.

The chimney crows around us are idle in
the still atmosphere, but we place the window
ledge in readiness, for the herald of the
wind has passed by.

He has other work to do. Many a mile across
the land, and the farmer's wife standing at
her door glances towards the uplands to see
if the men have stopped their ploughing and
will soon require their midday meal. And lo!
upon the chocolate-coloured furrows she
sees again the glint of steel-grey feathers like
bobbing dots close following in the plough-
man's wake, and the good housewife forgets
the dinner simmering on her kitchen range
to offer up a prayer for that best-loved son
of roving moods who chose a life upon the
ocean.

O gull, wise bird of ancient lineage, whose
ancestors have found their tombs and monu-
ments in London clay, what retribution is
fate preparing for those upstarts of humanity
who dare wear thy plumage to augment
their sickly charms!

Something Like
a Drama!

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S PLAY IN
NINETEEN ACTS.

"The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic
Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one
hundred and thirty scenes." Such is the
legend borne by the title-page of Mr. Thomas
Hardy's latest adventure, of which the "first
part," containing but six acts and thirty-
two scenes are offered in the present volume, the
second and third volumes are undergoing re-
vision.

Mr. Hardy, it will be seen, forsaking the
art of the novel, has been turning his hand to
something that reads like the old chronicle
plays, and that, like "the brook," runs on a
few all intents, for ever.

An imperfect production must necessarily
call for imperfect notice, and only when the
two remaining portions of this trilogy are in
the bookseller's hands will one be able to
gauge Mr. Hardy's drama as a whole.

For the present we have something that
looks like the second part of "Faust," and is
equally untamable.

We begin, as does the German poet, with
the "Overworld," represented by the
Spirit and Chorus of the Years, the Spirit and
Chorus of the Pities, the Shade of the Earth,
the Spirits Sinister and Ironic with their
Choruses, Rumours, Spirit-Messengers, and
Recording Angels.

Mr. Hardy's heaven, it will be seen, is
populous, and full of suitable professions of
such as are chosen.

Heaven and Earth.

His picture of the next world must dis-
turb the doubts of those who rather shrink from
the prospect offered by the orthodox. It is
not necessary to play on musical instru-
ments and wear Manchester sheetings through-
out all Eternity.

As for the language, this is how they talk:

Metaphors too much assurance thrills your note
On secrets in my locker, gentle spirit,
But it may serve.—Our thought being now released
To forces operant on this Englishisle,
Behoves it us to enter scene by scene,
And watch the spectacle of Europe's moves
In her embroil, as they were self-contained
According to the naive and liberal creed
Of our great-hearted young Companions
Forgetting the Prime Mover of the world
As puppet-watchers him who pulls the wires.

For ourselves, if this be the language of the
Overworld, we had rather be in Carnarvon
street.

As to the mortals, Mr. Hardy's words read
"Whenever any evidence of the words read
spoken or written by the characters in the
various situations was attainable, as was con-
sidered, the paraphrase has been aimed at as was com-
patible with the form chosen."

Hence, no doubt, the following contra-
diction between Pitt and Lord Mulgrave—

If Bonaparte
Sustain his marches at the break-neck speed
That all reports, they must have met ere now
There is a rumour . . . which I don't believe!

Mulgrave:

You still have doubts of Mack as strategist
These have been doubts of his farsightedness.

Pitt (hastily):

I know, I know—I am calling here at Malmesbury
At a somewhat unceremonious time, etc.

And the stage directions read: "They enter
at Lord Malmesbury's. He meets them in the
hall, etc." Then Pitt:

Pardon this early call. The packet's in.
And brings me this unreadable Dutch paper.
So as the offices are closed to-day,
I have brought it round to you.

Why Mr. Hardy Fails.

These conversations are carried on in a
purports to be blank verse. Perhaps the
Hardy's explanation that the form of the
drama was determined "with a modern eye
to the modern expression of a classical
look, and in frank divergence from classical
and other dramatic precedent," may explain
its blankness.

Really fine is a song sung by a boatman
after Trafalgar. We give the opening verse
and chorus:—

In the wild October night-time, when the wind was
round the land,
And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, where waves
blocked with sand;
And we heard the voices of Dead-man's Bay, where
of thousands are,
We knew not what the day had done for us at Trafalgar.

(Chorus):

Had done,
For us at Trafalgar!

As a writer of prose, as a master of the
monumentally and simply in the modern
which has placed him in the foremost rank
among British novelists, we have every rea-
son to expect for Mr. Hardy's genius.
He fails, probably through the very nature
of the thing, which have gained him a lasting
reputation as a prose-writer. Hardy the poet
something different from Hardy the novelist,
whereas all writing is the same.

WIDOW AND TWO MITES WANTED.

WIDOW, with two little girls wanted. Consider-
able small income or furnished room. If
it were not Leap Year, one might be
tempted to scent a matrimonial advertisement
in the above pathetic extract from
"Wanted" column of a weekly paper.

THE MULLAH'S ROUT.

Graphic Description of the British Victory.

PEER'S SON SLAIN.

Repelled by Rifle Fire—The Enemy Break and Fly.

Reuter, in a special service telegram, gives interesting details of the rout of the Somali and Mullah's forces at Jidballi, of which the news was contained in an official dispatch from General Egerton, which was published in our Tuesday's issue.

A sad piece of news is that Captain the Hon. T. Lister, at first said to be missing, is now the Mullah's warriors. Captain Lister, who was twenty-five, had seen service in the South African War. He was the elder son and heir of Lord Ribblesdale.

The battle took place on January 10. At nine in the morning, says the message, General Egerton successfully attacked a considerable force of the enemy, estimated to number over 5,000, who occupied Jidballi.

Swept Back by Rifle Fire.
The enemy were lying concealed in a nullah (dry watercourse), from which they emerged on the approach of the British, and dashed away in an attempt to rush the slowly moving force, only to be swept back when they were less than six hundred yards away by the fire from the rifles of the 2nd Sikhs, who occupied the front face.

Our first lasted ten minutes and was very severe. It is believed that the enemy lost over 500 at this place alone.

After their first and only attempt to rush the British main body the enemy appeared to be disordered, to the east across the front of Kenna's mounted infantry, which pursued them vigorously for over two hours.

The pursuit was only suspended at noon because the ammunition having become exhausted, and the necessity of watering the horses.

Major Kenna inflicted severe punishment at short range, accounting for at least 500 men. He himself suffered several casualties, as a large proportion of the enemy were armed with rifles.

Major Kenna continued the pursuit in the direction of Hudin.

The completeness of General Egerton's success was principally due to Colonel Kenna's bold handling of the mounted troops. The pursuit was continued for over twelve miles until ammunition was exhausted and the horses dead beat.

Mullah's Runaway Horse.
It was during the retreat that the enemy suffered the greatest proportion of their casualties.

It appears the Derivishes did not exceed 300 in number. This body included 300 horsemen, who quitted the field early in the fight, the élite of the Mullah's spearmen, and a thousand riflemen.

The punishment inflicted renders it improbable that the Mullah will make another stand in the open.

The horsemen, who are the backbone of his army, escaped scot-free.

Row Our Men Suffered.
The following telegram has been received from Major-General Egerton:—

Jidballi, Jan. 13, 1904.
Complete British casualty return is as follows:—

Killed: C. H. Bowden-Smith, 1st Bn. Hampshire Regiment, shot through neck.
W. A. Welland, Royal Army Medical Corps, shot dead.
T. Lister, 10th Hussars, missing.
Shot and killed, shot and speared.

The following wounded:—
Lieut.-Colonel G. T. Forestier-Walker, Royal Artillery, gunshot, left hip.
Major G. T. M. Bridges, Royal Artillery, gunshot, back and lung.
Major F. R. Young, 2nd Bn. Hampshire Regiment, gunshot, right thigh.
Capt. E. H. Llewellyn, 2nd Bn. King's African Rifles, gunshot, right thigh.
Capt. G. C. Shakerley, King's Royal Rifles, severe, right arm.
Lieut. H. R. White, King's Royal Rifles, severe, right chest.

Wounded: A. E. Andrews, 1st Bn. Hampshire Regiment, shot, left foot.
Lieut. E. Rheinhold, 27th Punjab, severe, right arm.
Lieut. Capt. G. R. Breding, 3rd King's African Rifles, gunshot, right shoulder.
Lieut. G. D. Holland, 1st Bn. Hampshire Regiment, gunshot, left forearm.
Lieut. A. Jennings, 1st Bn. Hampshire Regiment, gunshot, left ankle.
Lieut. W. Murdoch, 1st Bn. Hampshire Regiment, gunshot, right forearm.
Lieut. W. Coxen, 4th Bn. King's Royal Rifles, severe, gunshot, face.
Lieut. W. Sargeant, 1st Bn. Essex Regiment, severe, gunshot, left thigh.
Progress of all very satisfactory.

A LADY CHURCHWARDEN.
Mr. Gordon has attended the candidature of the late parish of St. Michael, Tenterden.

The defeated Mr. A. Fugle by two to one on the bill of the electorate. Mr. J. R. Diggle, an avowed Fugleite, but his support was not sufficient to weigh in against the lady's claim, which was mainly based on her regular attendance at church.

The widow of Admiral Gordon, and an

WARSHIPS ON THEIR WAY.

Strange Gathering of Possible Enemies at the Suez Canal.

PEACE AND WAR IN THE BALANCE.

There is little in the news this morning to modify the view of affairs in the Far East.

Japan's reply to Russia, it is agreed on all hands, is in no sense an ultimatum, but as she practically adheres to her original conditions regarding the position in Manchuria and Korea, it is hard to see any exit from the difficulty apart from a concession on the part of Russia. One of the principal points insisted on, Reuter understands, is the retention of Chinese sovereignty in Korea.

As the Japanese Ambassador points out, everything now depends on Russia's attitude. If she is resolved not to move from her position it is difficult to see any solution but war. The persistent talk of mediation on the part of France and England is only talk. Viscount Hayashi definitely states that no proposal to submit the question to arbitration has been proposed to Japan.

There was a big gathering of Japanese and Russian warships at Port Said yesterday. The Nisshin and Kasuga, the Japanese cruisers bought from the Argentine, both entered the canal, the passage of which takes anything from fourteen to twenty hours, as the ships can only steam at three or four miles an hour in the canal itself, though speed is put on in passing the great lake.

The Russian battleship Ossliabya and the cruiser Dmitri Donskoi arrived and coaled at Port Said, and the King Alfred, which is to strengthen our Far Eastern Squadron, was also there.

Two large vessels of the Russian Volunteer fleet, with troops on board, yesterday passed the Bosphorus on the way to the East, and three more Russian destroyers are expected to reach the canal any moment.

The Japanese Government, by chartering

the three fast Pacific steamers of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental Steamboat Company), has now the five fastest ships of the Japanese mercantile marine. The commandeering of these ships, which carry mails to San Francisco, is significant, as is also the fact that the Tambu Maru, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, has been stopped at Singapore on her voyage to England, and recalled to Japan.

"MODERATE BUT FIRM."

New York, Thursday.

The following telegram has been received by the Associated Press from Tokio:

"The Japanese reply, it is said, does not take the form of an ultimatum. It is moderate in terms, although resolute in tone. It is largely concerned with Korean affairs, the Japanese Government having been strongly advised not to go to war over Manchuria alone."—Reuter.

Berlin, Thursday.

It is stated on excellent authority that the Japanese reply, although not in the form of an ultimatum, demands a definite declaration from Russia with regard to the questions in dispute—a declaration which is to be binding and not a loosely-worded undertaking.

Failing such an explicit declaration, Japan reserves to herself the right to break off negotiations."—Reuter.

"CHRISTIANITY v. HEATHENISM."

St. Petersburg, Thursday.

The "Novoe Vremya," in an article in which it dwells on the "Yellow peril," declares that if war does come Europe should understand that it will mark the beginning of a grand struggle between Christianity and Heathenism, the results of which will be felt in every corner of the earth.—Reuter.

JAPAN'S HOME DANGER.

Usurping Clans Fear a Revolution Which Victory May Avert.

IS WAR, AFTER ALL, INEVITABLE?

The Japanese Government has other reasons for war than a desire to check the advance of Russia into Korea. So, at least, thinks Mr. Francis J. Norman, to whom Madame Olga Novikoff has recently referred as one of the most trustworthy authorities on matters Japanese.

Mr. Norman pointed out yesterday to a representative of the *Daily Mirror* a factor in Japanese politics which has been overlooked in this country. After living among the Japanese for fifteen years, part of which time was spent as instructor at the Naval College at Etajima, Mr. Norman is able to speak of the inner life of Japan with unequalled authority.

A Doubtful Motive.

The Japanese Government has a double motive in her present action. It is not only patriotically bent on attempting to check Russia's advance in Korea, but it seeks in warlike excitement a means of withdrawing attention from internal dissensions.

The first motive is obvious enough. With a population increasing at the rate of 600,000 a year, Japan is forced to look to Korea as an emigration ground and a source of future food supply. But it is not so generally known in this country how jealously the present ruling caste in Japan has to guard its power, and how welcome is anything that tends to distract the attention of the malcontents, and, by appealing to patriotism, make the nation as one man.

Japan is creeping daily nearer to a state of revolution, and though the present Government hopes to gain new life from the war fever, it is more than likely, thinks Mr. Norman, that war, if unsuccessful, would only precipitate matters.

Clan Before Country.

Though a patriotic people, the Japanese are even more for clan than for country. The old feudal system which was abolished after the revolution of 1869 is at the bottom of her troubles.

This revolution of 1869 was directed, not against the Emperor, but against the Shogun, the actual ruler, and his party. The Shogun was a peculiar Japanese institution similar to those "Mayors of the Palace," like Charles Martel and Pepin le Bref, who wielded the real power in the reigns of the puppet Merovingian monarchs of France. For 250 years the Shogunate had been in the hands of one dominant family, the Tokugawa, who were supported mainly by the clans of the north and north-east.

The chief agents in restoring the Emperor

and abasing the last Shogun in 1869 were the great clans of Satsuma and Choshu. By a clever piece of trickery they succeeded in disarming the other clans, and so became themselves all-powerful.

Control of Army and Navy.

The Choshu clan took control of the Army and the Satsuma clan of the Navy, and later, to more equally distribute the power, of the Police. These sources of power they have since kept.

Any rising against them has been impossible, for with the Army and Navy under their control the country has been at their mercy.

This usurpation of Government employment means more to the Japanese than it would to any European nation, for in Japan the Government employee is practically in a caste apart. Though nominally amenable to the civil courts, he is, as a matter of fact, above their jurisdiction. The merest coolie who has bowed and trembled to everyone puts on his conscript's uniform and becomes an "official," and is bowed to in his turn by the very people to whom he kow-towed the day before.

Danger to the Government.

Japanese expansion has, however, necessitated an increase in both Army and Navy, and the two clans which were able to provide officers for an army of 100,000 men and a fleet of 100,000 tons are unable to do so now. Members of other clans, often deeply hostile to this "Sat-Cho" party, as the Satsuma and Choshu clans are called, have crept in in increasing numbers, and friction and jealousy are the result.

At the present time Japan is divided into the two parties. On one hand are the two usurping official clans—the Sat-Cho—and on the other the remainder of the population.

The reins of government are completely in the hands of the Sat-Cho party, but their position is no longer unassailable. To strengthen themselves they have fostered the war feeling against Russia.

Chance for the Revolutionists.

The positions of command in both Army and Navy are held by Sat-Cho officials. Should the first steps in the war be disastrous to Japan, the anti-Sat-Cho party may be in a position to make their long-cherished revolution. Considerations of patriotism would not prevent them, for to the Japanese the clan is before the country.

Whatever the eventualities of war may be, the revolution must come, by peaceful or warlike means, even though it be delayed by a victorious war.

KAISER'S GOOD IDEA.

Told a Bricklayer How To Do It.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Thursday.

An interesting story concerning the Kaiser is at present being related in Court circles.

The Kaiser was taking his usual walk in the neighbourhood of the New Palace when he came across some workmen who were repairing the façade of a building.

His Majesty approached the workmen and looked as though he was much interested in what was being done. One of the men was at this moment engaged in the most difficult part of his task. The Kaiser, noting his difficulty, gave him a few instructions with a view to helping him over his trouble.

"Do you know, Majesty," replied the workman, cordially, "that is not at all a bad idea."

The Kaiser laughed at the workman's friendly recognition, and continued his walk.

HARD ON GERMAN SOLDIERS.

Punished for Visiting Cooks in the Kitchen.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Berlin, Thursday.

A case has just been decided by the military court at Halle which has spread dismay throughout the army in the Fatherland, because it disposes, once for all, of the contention that soldiers have a prescriptive right to eat the food of officers on the ground that they are courting their cooks.

Otto Rückler, a cuirassier, kept company with the cook of Major von Horn. He visited his sweetheart often, and, besides basking in her smiles, enjoyed the excellent fare which she placed before him. His visits were always made at night time, and he frequently selected those evenings when the major was entertaining company, for he knew that on these occasions the dishes were more appetising than usual and the wine of better quality.

Unfortunately the cuirassier was surprised in the kitchen by the major's twelve-year-old son. It was in vain that he tried to excuse his presence by the explanation that he was helping cook to dry the dishes. Vain also was his attempt to conceal himself behind the cook's back when the major, informed of the fact that a man was in the kitchen, appeared on the scene.

The major informed the military court of his discovery. Rückler was brought before these stern judges, and sentenced to thirteen days' imprisonment for disturbing domestic peace.

M. DE BLOWITZ'S WILL.

Pathetic Terms of His Bequest to a Young Lady.

M. Henri Georges Stefan Adolphe Oppet de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the "Times," left personal estate in the United Kingdom of £187 10s.

"Sound of body and mind," he bequeaths to Mlle. Desirée Lauzanne, born at Rheims on October 18, 1875, all that is contained in his apartments at No. 2, Rue Greuze, furniture, linen, wearing apparel, silver plate, pictures, or works of art, "in one word, with the exception of a few bequests more or less important, everything without exception which the said apartment contains for her to dispose of at her pleasure."

"I make her," the document continues, "this bequest in recognition of the devotion of which she has made proof towards me, for without her, for many years blind, suffering, and old, I should have lived abandoned."

THE FIRST FUNCTION.

King and Queen to Open Parliament in State.

That the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, will open Parliament in state on February 2 is now practically settled.

Their Majesties will wear their crowns and robes; Peers will don their Coronation garments; Judges will shine resplendent in scarlet, ermine, and full-bottom wigs; and the Peers, with the Diplomatic Corps, will complete the superb spectacle.

The Speaker and the Commons will join the "upper classes" in the House of Lords, where, on their arrival, the Lord Chancellor will hand the King the Speech from the Throne, which his Majesty will then read.

This, the first great function of the year, promises to be the forerunner of what will prove a particularly brilliant season.

BAD NEWS FOR BABY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Geneva, Thursday.

Condensed milk will be dearer this year. The entire stock of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., the largest exporters in Switzerland, has been bought up by the Russian Government for its troops in the Far East.

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N.B.—All solutions must be posted to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 18th.

Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

84, Oxford Street,
London, W.

THE HAPPY HERMIT.

MARK TAPLEY WHO LIVED IN A NEST AMONG THE TREES OF WINDSOR FOREST.

Windsor Forest has possessed many famous hermits, the latest being James Stanley Wootton, who is known as the Modern Herne the Hunter, or the Happy Hermit of Windsor Forest.

When he went to the Royal Schools in Windsor Park, he was known amongst his schoolfellows as "Happy" Wootton, because of his happy-go-lucky spirit.

No matter what happened Wootton was always in good spirits. If it rained, hailed, snowed, Stanley always had a smile on his face, and his schoolfellows very properly deferred to him "Happy" Wootton. The name stuck to him to this day, and although he spends his time chiefly in Windsor Forest or in prison, little children are not afraid of him. Indeed, Wootton from the time we met him, has been together in the dear old park as the toddlers, and I have never known him to hurt a human being or rob a poor man. In fact, Wootton has told the magistrates that he does not consider it a sin to rob the rich, but to never by any chance takes anything belonging to the poor.

The Erring Sheep. Wootton is the son of an old Castle servant, and his family is respectfully connected. The members of it will have nothing to do with the erring sheep. "Happy" never liked school, and he played truant more often than any other boy. You see, it was like this: From his house at Windsor to the Queen's School in Windsor Great Park was a distance of nearly, or quite, four miles, and the road around some of the loveliest scenery Windsor Park is charming. In the summer time, the woodland scenery is grand, and the position of charms was too much for him.

He used to start off with his sisters in the early morning all right, but when he got to the "Double" Gates, in the Long Walk, "Happy" parted company with his sisters. Bird-nesting, squirrel-hunting, or rabbit-catching were more in his line than lessons, and I have myself spent many happy hours with Wootton. One of our pet games was to chase the pretty little squirrels from tree to tree in the plantation in the Long Walk below Copper Horse Hill. We used to get the squirrels to jump into the plantation of small fir, etc., from the big elms abutting on it, and then

drive the squirrels right to the other end of the plantation, making them jump from tree to tree, which we thought fine sport, and I don't believe the squirrels minded it much, as they generally eluded our efforts to capture them.

A boy did catch a squirrel one morning, but he soon dropped it, as the little animals have sharp teeth, and it had bitten the lad's thumb through. Another favourite pastime of



JAMES STANLEY WOOTTON, the Happy Hermit of Windsor Forest.

He has no human companions, but every kind of animal he makes a friend. He has wonderful power over birds and animals, and he can talk most interestingly on their ways and habits—in fact, he is a born naturalist.

From the love of the forest and the fresh air, this modern Herne the Hunter built a dwelling in the swaying branches of an elm tree in the Long Walk. With sacking and branches he made a very comfortable "nest," where he slept for weeks like a monster bird. Over his aerial bed he constructed a roof of branches and thatch sufficient to keep out the

Wootton and his schoolfellows was to climb the huge granite base on which stands the equestrian statue of George III., at the end of the Long Walk.

Wootton played truant so often that the headmaster sent him out on a pony one fine morning to secure "Happy" and bring him in. Wootton had very keen eyesight, and from a "kopje" he espied the familiar school pony crossing a portion of the park called "Deep Stood." He immediately climbed to the top of the granite pedestal on which the statue of George III. is placed, and, lying flat down, no one could see him from the ground, and the schoolmaster's son and pony went galloping by the Copper Horse, the former being quite ignorant of the fact that "Happy" was laughing in his sleeve a few yards above him.

Commandeered the Whisky.

It would take a volume to tell of the many doings of Wootton, who was eventually turned out of school, a most unheard-of thing in the records of the Royal Schools. If there was any mischief "Happy" was always in it.

After "leaving" school his father took the boy in hand for a time, and taught him the work of a locksmith, but this was too monotonous for "Happy," and he thought he would try the Army, so he enlisted in the Royal Berkshire Regiment, which sailed away to Bermuda. Here he cut a number of capers, and while on guard one night he "commandeered" a bottle of whisky and an officer's watch and chain.

He drank some of the whisky, and when his comrades came round they found "Happy" very much like the shape of the letter S, so they marched him off to the guardroom. Prison and ultimate dismissal from the Army followed.

When Wootton landed in England he at once marched in the direction of Windsor Castle, and he says he was very pleased to again see the old flag at the top of the Round Tower. His career since has been full of curious incidents and adventures, and I could fill the *Daily Mirror* with stories in which Wootton is the central figure.

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rain. He had a stock of candles and a well-filled "larder" in his nest, and he was (he says) as happy as the King at the Castle when he had blown his candle out and was comfortably settled in his bed of leaves.

For a long time the police could not find out where "Happy" spent his nights, but eventually they tracked him to his lair, and after considerable trouble they demolished his "nest," and he has had to find shelter in the deer pens since.

"Happy" is a natural humorist, and some of his passages-at-arms with the magistrates and their witty clerk are most amusing. His best-known passage was when, charged with poaching the King's rabbits, he told the magistrates that the conies ran into his pockets while he was asleep in the Park, and there they became suffocated.

On the last occasion when he was caught he said he had made a trap and fell into it himself. When accused of being late at the police court, he calmly answered that he did not believe in "running into trouble."

Carrying a Live Wood Pigeon.

His happy hunting-ground is the Royal Park, and all the King's keepers know "Happy" well. In fact, when he is not in prison they are always on the watch for him. He has caught more rabbits in Windsor Park than probably any poacher that ever lived. A few months ago I saw him carrying a live wood-pigeon through the streets of Windsor. I asked "Happy" how he came by it, and he replied that he had just taken it from a nest in Windsor Forest. I said, "How is it let you catch it?" "Well," he replied, "it was like this: I found it in the nest when it was barely fledged, so I put a piece of string round one of its legs, tied it to a branch, and the old bird has been feeding it ever since. Of course that saved me a deal of trouble, and you can have it for nippence." I gave him some coppers, and he went on his way rejoicing with the bird still in his hand.

"Happy" has frequently met the King in the Great Park, and he tells a curious story about his Majesty. When Wootton was talking to some labourers, the King (he says) rode by on horseback. The workmen were so surprised that they forgot to salute, and one of the gentlemen accompanying his Majesty was about to inform them of the fact when the King remarked, "Never mind, they do not know any better," and rode on.

If Richard Jefferies were alive he would have been pleased to have met and talked with this born naturalist. He has many good points, and if anyone had taken him in hand early in his career "Happy" might, I feel sure, have lived a very useful life.

MAURICE LIGHTFOOT.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

The Prince of Wales never forgets the most trifling service done him, as was exemplified by his last visit to Australia. When the Prince was on board a man-of-war at a naval station, his captain (who had asked to "keep an eye" on the royal heir in his leisure hours) frequently invited him to his house from Saturday to Monday, and assisted by his wife gave the then Prince as good a time as possible. After a while, however, the Prince was transferred to another ship and never again met his former captain. On his arrival in Australia, he called for a list of the officers aboard the various ships anchored near the coast, and seeing amongst the junior lieutenants a name similar to the captain's in the latter's surprise he shortly after received an invitation to a banquet, given by the Prince to the officers only, and during the evening he greeted in the friendliest way by the host, from his young guest's father and mother in Canada, and with what regret he had since heard of the latter's death.

Princess Margaret of Connaught, the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, celebrates her twenty-second birthday to-day, and it will be an additional pleasure that Prince Arthur of Connaught, she to spend it with her. Princess Margaret is well described as a typical English girl, tall and fair, with a delicate pink and rose complexion and winsome smile. Both she and her sister, Princess Patricia, who is four years younger, were very simply brought up, and even now they much prefer a simple outdoor life in the country to any amount of luxury in town. Bicycling is one of their favourite pastimes, and when the Duke of Connaught first went to the Curragh, he made many excursions into the neighbourhood, and once visited Clones Fair in order to see what it was really like.

Had it not been for his wife, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who was entertained at dinner one night by the members of the Oxford Circle, Mr. Chamberlain's resignation at his election for the vacant position necessitated by Mr. Lyttelton was too ill to do anything, so his wife canvassed energetically on his behalf, and even went so far as to make a speech in public.

Mr. Lyttelton is the youngest of the eight children of the late Lord Lyttelton, who, curiously enough, were all at Eton at the same time. He was an athlete, but Mr. Alfred Lyttelton

was the most distinguished, and one incident of their schooldays shows to what a degree their prowess in the cricket field affected each other. Consternation reigned in the Lyttelton drawing-room when one of the boys rushed in and said in an agony of shame, "I never should have thought Alfred could have done it." His mother was much alarmed and cried, "Tell me quickly, what has he done?" "Done! Why he ran out too heavily slow, and got stumped!" The hero of this story was afterwards captain of the eleven at Eton and at Cambridge, and twice played for England versus Australia. He is, too, a great football player, and once represented England; while at racquets, fives, and lawn tennis he has no equal, and he very nearly out-rivals the Premier at golf.

Lord and Lady Brassey have generously lent their beautiful house in Park-lane for an evening concert on the 25th inst. in aid of the fund of the Women's Industrial Council, and a number of artistes have promised their services gratuitously, including Miss Polyxena Fletcher as pianist, Herr Max Guhlik with his violin, M. Kolni Balozky with his cello, Miss Grainger Kerr and Miss Maggie Purvis as singers, Mrs. Adrian Ross reciting, and others. It is hoped that the council will not fail to take advantage of the excellent



MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, the American actress to whose charms it is said the German Crown Prince has fallen a victim.

opportunity this will afford them of having a contingent of their "Association of Trained Charwomen" on duty in the council's uniform as programme sellers, thus reminding the public of their existence.

Master Maynard Greville, the youngest son of Lord and Lady Warwick, has acted as page at weddings more times perhaps than any other little boy of his own age. Certainly he makes an ideal attendant with his mop of fair hair, great dark eyes and sweetly serious face. He will be the chief page at his sister's wedding next Tuesday, and is sure to look quite a picture in his scarlet and white costume. It is the fashion nowadays for children to accompany their mothers everywhere, and Master Maynard Greville, who, by the way, is a god-son of the Princess of Wales, is generally to be seen about his beautiful mother, but what he most enjoys is driving with her in a motor. Like her, too, he is devoted to dumb animals and has a great



Master MAYNARD GREVILLE, the most popular page at Society weddings.

many pets, including a large rat, while the little African monkey, sent home to Lady Warwick some time ago, was a very favourite playmate of his.

Of late years Mr. Dudley Hardy, whose thirty-seventh birthday it is to-day, has been known better as a black-and-white artist and designer of posters than as a painter of pictures. Nevertheless, he much prefers painting, though, as he once plaintively said, "One can live on a poster but not always on a picture." Some years ago Mr. Hardy married a widow with one son, an extremely clever boy who writes the text for nearly all his step-father's humorous sketches. Though he has now more or less settled down, Dudley Hardy is still a Bohemian at heart, and loves nothing better than a long Continental ramble with a sketch-book picking up ideas.

He has a delightful cottage in Etaples which is full of interesting souvenirs of his friends. On one wooden door "Phil May" is scrawled with a big flourish, a reminiscence of the frequent visits of one of his most intimate friends, whose death was a great blow to Dudley Hardy. He has now drawn every available thing in and around Etaples, and is contemplating "fresh fields and pastures new." Probably Italy will be his next happy hunting-ground, with his sketch-book no larger than a postage-stamp in one waistcoat pocket and a diminutive colour-box in the other.

Miss Susan Strong, who is making such an immense success this week in "Ib and Little Christina," at Daly's, is one of the many American singers settled in England. She

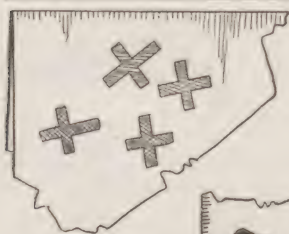
was born in Brooklyn, and is the thirteenth child of a large family. Miss Strong began her musical studies when quite a little girl with Mr. Korby, then one of the most celebrated teachers of singing in New York, and when he left America to take up work at the Royal Academy over here she came too, in



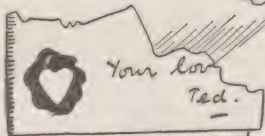
order to continue lessons with him. Her debut was made as Sieglinde at Covent Garden, and since then she has gone in principally for Wagnerian rôles, both in Gaiety's opera in New York and here. Miss Susan Strong is a fair, beautiful woman, with perfectly regular features, and a most earnest expression. Her voice is a splendid dramatic soprano, and many musicians have remarked on the very strong resemblance it has to Christine Nilsson's.

My New York correspondent writes:—"Among the many wealthy women stopping at the Martha Washington just now is Mrs. Keeley, who has a fortune of over a million, left her by her husband, who made his money out of the gold cure for drunkenness. Mrs. Keeley and her sister, when they were young girls, went to a small place in Illinois as school teachers, where the "general store" was kept by a Mr. Judd and his son and friend, young Keeley. These two young men fell in love with the sisters, and they were married. Mrs. Keeley and the Judds now live in Boston, because they are devoted Christian Scientists and want to be near the fountain of truth, Mrs. Eddy."

"Some of the newspapers have been making a fuss over Miss Isabel Cameron's bravery in frightening a burglar away when she entered her house here after a theatre party. Miss Cameron is six feet high, very robust and strong, and when his fair involuntary hostess appeared on the scene, the burglar made a bolt. Miss Cameron's father was the late Sir Roderick Cameron, who was knighted by Queen Victoria."

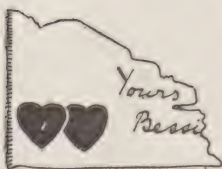


The new postal kisses—tiny paper crosses to be attached to lovers' missives.

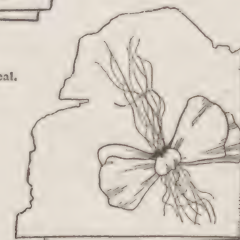


How the lover of to-day sends the "little faded flower."

Another form of the kiss seal.



The kiss seals—embossed hearts on which the up-to-date lover imprints the kisses he wishes to send to his loved one.



The lover's patent "hair-attachment," by means of which a wisp of the fair one's tresses can be fixed to a love letter.

KISS SEALS.

UP-TO-DATE IDEAS FOR THE BILLET DOUX.

Lovers have from time immemorial displayed their ingenuity in communicating their inmost thoughts in the most novel manner, and the stationer and shopkeeper have helped their level best to foster love's young idea in this direction.

The day of the scented and tinted love-letter is on the wane, and in its place comes the billet doux with kiss seals, hair-holders, and many another quaint conceit. Two of the sketches show examples of the kiss seals now in vogue, dainty little crimson hearts emblazoned at the bottom of the page. Those who send and receive these missives do not need to be told that here Juliet or Romeo, as the case may be, presses fervent kisses on the perfumed spot, which is just as fervently kissed by the recipient.

A dainty bow of blue, ingeniously slit in the centre, proves a novel receptacle for a few strands of the loved one's hair. In a like manner a flower-holder is provided on the new note-paper, and last, but not least, the adhesive kiss seal, a dainty red paper cross, delicately perfumed, helps to add to the novelty of the new billet doux.

WITH HORSE AND SKI.

"Snöre Kjöring" is the name of the latest Norwegian sport which is to be introduced into Germany on the occasion of the Northern Sports which commence at Müritzschlag on January 31.

The "ski-er" girds himself with a wide belt, to which a horse is harnessed, and is pulled in wild career over the frozen snow.



THE NEWEST SPORT—DRIVING OVER THE SNOW ON SKIS.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

IN DEFENCE OF MATCH-MAKING.

MATCH MANUFACTURERS DENY THEIR PART IN ENGLAND'S SHAME.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

An article in your issue of December 20 has just been brought to our notice—written by R. H. Sherard—in which is given, on the authority of Father Thomas, what professes to be some facts as to the employment of girls in match factories, and amongst other things alleges their liability to, and instances of, "phossy jaw," etc.

We can scarcely think that anyone who knows anything of the industry, still less a "Reverend," could have said or penned anything so grotesquely incorrect, and we beg you will permit us to contradict it, point by point.

1. "Phossy jaw" does not cause "the girl to lose a finger," but, as the name implies, it is a disease affecting the jaw.

2. Girls directly leaving school are very seldom employed in a match factory in any capacity, and if they are employed at that age it would be in box-making, and then at far higher wages than you mention.

3. If you consult the Blue-book issued by the Government in 1899, containing the result of the Government Commission enquiry into match factories of all Europe and America, and also the evidence given by the Commission at the Arbitration which took place in February, 1900, you will find that it was shown and proved that there has never been known a case of "phossy jaw" amongst any of the

girls working with wax vestas or other dry matches, but that the cases that have occurred have been in the handling of wet matches, a process now practically obsolete and the days of which are gone.

4. We challenge Father Thomas, or any one else to produce a case of a "phossy jaw" that has been contracted during the past four or five years.

And, lastly, instead of your statement, "It will not be denied that they" (the girls) "are exposed to the danger of the hideous poison from the moment they cross the threshold of the factory," being correct, we fearlessly assert that match factories are amongst the best ventilated and the most healthy of any in the country, and our girls amongst the healthiest, brightest, and most robust of any you will find, comparing favourably with any other workers, and the possibility of contracting "phossy jaw" or any other disease is practically non-existent. In confirmation of this we readily refer you to the Factory Department of the Home Office and to the Government factory inspectors, and will willingly allow Mr. Sherard, Father Thomas, or anyone else you may choose to name to inspect our works and to question our workers.

One question comes to the writer's mind, and it is this: What do Mr. Sherard and similar writers desire? Would they do away with all girl labour and have them in idleness, with all the risk of getting a living in some of the ways that idleness leads to? Let them come and see for themselves and they are not again likely to write an article so absolutely opposed to and out of touch with the facts.

G. T. WOOD (WOOD AND DIXON).
Upton Park, London, E., Jan. 7.

"CHEAP AND NASTY JEWELLERY."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In a quite recent issue of the Daily Mirror I note with interest a protest by Mr. Streeter, of Bond-street, against the dishonesty of adver-

TOY TOWN IN PARIS.

Tiny Railway to Take the Visitors Round.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Thursday.

When M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, organised his annual toy show, he did so with the definite intention of improving upon and, if I may use the word, glorifying the original idea. The toy-makers of Paris look, and look not without reason, upon the Germans as trade rivals who, not always by fair means, beat them upon their own ground.

They recognise, however, that in organisation the German merchants have shown themselves extremely clever, and, as a prominent member of the Paris toy-making corporation said to me yesterday, "the Germans have made cheap imitations of our toys for so long that we may well copy their idea of an annual toy fair and improve upon it."

For years past Leipzig has been given over to a toy exhibition every winter, and the result has proved that an immense amount of trade which would go elsewhere comes to Germany in consequence. No toys, you understand, are actually sold; samples are shown and orders booked, that's all; but an immense amount of time to toy buyers is saved by having all the toys exhibited in one large building, and we in Paris mean to do the same thing now.

The Paris toy fair is to open on March 17, and to keep open for a fortnight. Its organisers are the Municipal Council of Paris, and it will be held in the historic precincts of the Temple, which, after having been the home of the Knights Templars, a rendezvous of cut-throats and scoundrels of all kinds who had a privilege of sanctuary within its walls in ancient days, was, until yesterday, the Petticoat-lane of Paris, and is now to become one gigantic toy shop for a fortnight.

Arrangements are as yet scarcely advanced enough for details to be given, but it has been whispered that one of the attractions of Toy-Town will be a tiny automobile railway.

THE ATTRACTIVE 'KINK.'

"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive 'Kink' in the hair."

"LADIES' FIELD."

A very pretty thing is wavy hair, or hair with a "kink." It seems to matter little what the shade of it may happen to be. From the golden tresses of the heroine of the popular novelist, down through every variety of blonde, and brown, to the richest and deepest black, hair that wavy looks prettier and nicer than hair that is straight. Some people's hair is naturally wavy; while with others, perhaps we shall be safe in saying, in the majority of cases—there is a straightening which is never propitious, and which not infrequently detracts in a marked degree from the general attractiveness of its owner.

It has been held to be not only a woman's privilege, but actually her duty to do the best she can for the benefit of her own personal appearance, and in the matter of wavy hair there is indeed a royal road opened for those whom nature has left unadorned, for we would defy the most clever expert to tell the difference between tresses of natural waviness and hair rendered wavy by the use of Hinde's "Wavers."

A strong point about the Wavers is the very natural result produced.

When waving is overdone, the effect is unsatisfactory because a sort of harsh, artificial appearance is given to the hair. The effect of waving is absolutely natural if it is overdone. The object in waving is not to get the hair as much into the form of an unexploded "black rapper" as possible, but to develop a scarcely perceptible undulation in it which shall be graceful and artistic. There are many things more painful to those who have made hair-dressing a scientific study than to see a girl whose hair has been over-waved to the extent alluded to above. When waved with the help of "Hinde's Wavers," the hair flows as it were in a series of gentle undulations, and its general appearance is the very antithesis of sharp bends and short twists.



With the No. 11 Waver the hair is placed over and under as shown in the accompanying diagram. One important point to be remembered is that when waving the hair you always commence near the roots, whilst for curling you begin at the point of ends of the hair.



No. 14 is much simpler and equally effective. Waver. With this you simply open out the hair and roll the hair round and round for the whole time. If the hair is rolled round loose ends that the wave will not be a success.



No. 16 is used in the same way as No. 14, and produces an equally pretty wave. It is composed of a frame of very thin wire with a centre bar of tortoise-shell.



No. 19 is a later pattern, and is most convenient to give the long French wave much in vogue at present. It is an excellent renovator of the hair, and longer of the life of the wave, and is used with the hair secured in place, or even after it has been dressed. If, when the hair is arranged, it is that it is too straight, two or three of these Wavers inserted in the required position and allowed to remain for ten or fifteen minutes will give to the hair quite the appearance of having just left the hairdresser's hands.

"For her no fear of storm portending
Hinde's Wavers 'en the elements stay."

It is necessary to see that you get the "HINDE'S," as foreign crude made imitations sometimes offered.

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a writ of injunction, with costs, restraining a West End hairdresser from passing off spurious curlers and wavers as "Hinde's Wavers." Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs, of Kensington, who she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. They are sold in all the best every dealer in the three Kingdoms.

HINDE'S, LIMITED, Patentees and Manufacturers of Articles for the Dressing Table, Metropolitan Works, Birmingham, and 1, Tottenham Court Road, London, E.C.

tising and selling as genuine gold articles which are absolutely spurious and worthless.

As a member of the sex habitually accused of incapacity to recognise that the most expensive is almost invariably the best—and therefore the cheapest—I venture to suggest that women, those of us who pretend to a measure of education and refinement, should sternly forego the temptation of buying jewellery where we buy our chiffons.

Personally I imagine it must be the convenience of the proceeding which appeals to so many. Or is it mere boredom that induces the "fall"? For I seriously contend that in buying or wearing cheap imitations we sin directly against the canons of fair trade and taste.

One more point. Morality is even more important than taste. All this traffic in cheap and nasty and the yet more fatal cheap and "pretty" takes the bread from the mouths of legitimate jewellers and manufacturers.

Why will women not co-operate to check the increasing evil?

"13-CARAT."

EFFEMINATE BOYS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I also have a faint recollection of the time when boys were dressed in frocks up to eight or nine years of age. How very hideous and unbecoming the dress was! I do not think there is any chance of boys being dressed in such an effeminate way again. They are men enough to put a stop to such a thing themselves.

The boy of to-day is dressed far more becomingly. I think the sailor suit both picturesque and practical. But no matter how a boy of to-day may be dressed, surely nearly everybody will agree with me when I say that he cannot be clothed in a more absurd and ugly way than that which your correspondent wishes to be revived. Girls' frocks, with their dear little white drawers peeping beneath! Bah!

X. Y.

THE END OF THE HOLIDAYS.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

TOILETTES FOR THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S SPRING TERM.

The close of the Christmas holidays has arrived, and there has consequently been forwarded to me a plea that a word shall be said on the modistic demands of the spring school term, perhaps the most trying, year.

All manner of atmospheric whims have to be provided for during the next few weeks, when Arctic cold to, oftentimes, summer heat, following a more even line of conduct, but up to that period it is almost impossible to strike a mean.

Respecting outdoor attire, it is a large question whether any more absolutely service coat, and the fact that this threatens to become a veritable uniform is apparently doing little or no weight with even the most exclusively minded mother.

Billiard Table Green.
So accepting this as the inevitable and useful stand-by wrap, we then pass on to the coat and skirt of tailor-made genre.

Now for this purpose, frizzle is almost the ideal fabric for any age from six to fourteen, either in a useful iron grey mixture or one or two woolen weave expresses more delightfully than frizzle.

A regular billiard table cloth green is excellent, and a little bit out of the ordinary, and a rich purple, a bright royal blue, and a peculiarly nice mouse brown. These fashioned with a perfectly plain skirt, just a little full at the back, and a short double-

breasted semi-fitting sacque coat, create the ideal everyday school frock, a certain type of girl looking extremely well, and expressing at the same time perfectly good taste in a soft peaked cap, with a full-padded crown.

The treatment of the blouse is very subtle where hipless figures are in question, the one and only chance of salvation occurring in a short shaped basque, and a permanent disposal of the fulness. While a slight modification of this rule, demanded by washing

of producing quite appreciable changes, and authoritative voices speak emphatically that the extravagant length of body has exceeded what was required in that direction. The figure of the short woman in a low-cut, straight-fronted corset touches the ludicrous.

She is literally cut in half, besides giving the uncomfortable impression that the upper part of her is liable to collapse at any moment, concertina-wise. Here, forsooth, is an unwarrantable caricature of a completely admirable vogue.

The Definite Waist Line.
However, modistic fate for once is kind, and has stepped in and saved the situation by the fashioning of full skirts, high belts, and pointed bodices. This revival of a definite waist-line is something to be thankful for, and it merely remains for us to pray that the worshippers at the shrine of the extravagantly

blouses, is found in a slot for the draw string being placed in front, in the position required for the slight pouch, the strings subsequently passing through an upright strap of tape at either side. But with every other than a washing blouse, that shaped basque holds the record for neatness and comfort.

On the other hand, for serious school wear, a bodice en suite, with a skirt, spells infinitely better economy than the least ephemeral blouse. A navy serge frock throughout is hard to beat for sense and suitability, for a girl from ten to fourteen years.

As a trimming for juvenile wearers braid is an admirable factor. It is as durable as it is suitably decorative, and of moderate cost withal. A narrow width braid is responsible for the chief ornamental relief to the frock of the fourth column designed for a girl of from twelve to fourteen, a velvet folded waistbelt and empiement about the collar completing

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a really distinctive little model. The cool blouse for evening wear or the dancing class shown in the first column is offered in the guise of a fine spotted delaine, the gauged yoke alternating with lines of medallion-patterned insertion.

THE HOUR OF THE CORSETIERE.

A SUBJECT OF FRESH IMPORTANCE.

The moment is now at hand in which to discuss the advance of and prevailing styles in corsets, which always as spring approaches offer a fruitful subject for discussion.

A year, as things go at present, is capable



Frock for the girl of fourteen of grey cloth, decorated with braid and a touch of velvet on the bodice.



A TOQUE OF THE MOMENT.

A creation of rough white felt, powdered with pastilles of black velvet, the brim caught up at the left side by a drapery of "vert ancien" velvet, passed through an oval-shaped star buckle.

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long body will not immediately rush off at a tangent in the opposite direction. The origin of the corset is an amazingly interesting matter, and I have before me as I write a book claiming to tell its story complete, its debut apparently having been made in the form of highly-ornamental golden bands or bandelettes which were worn ingeniously round the figure to suit the clinging classical draperies of the early Greeks.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable changes in the corset world is the one which occurred in the short Empire style, immediately succeeding the determined long, straight front of the Louis periods, while before the appalling downfall of everything pertaining to grace of form in the middle part of the last century we will discreetly draw a veil.

HALF-TIME AT THE SALES.

Foremost among those who have enjoyed a completely satisfactory appreciation from a comprehensive clientèle come Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, who, in response to this marked reciprocity on the part of the public, are prepared to make still further reductions during the remainder of the month, a procedure that will be particularly noticeable in costumes and millinery.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 217.—ANCHOVY AIGRETTES.

INGREDIENTS:—One anchovy for each guest, oil and cayenne, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, frying butter, lobster coral, and chopped parsley for decoration.

For the frying batter:—Quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a pint of tepid water, one tablespoonful of salad oil, the whites of two eggs.

Put the fillets of anchovies on a plate, season them nicely with oil, cayenne, and chopped parsley, and let them stand for one hour. Then dip each fillet in the frying batter, and fry it a golden brown in boiling fat. Drain each on paper, then sprinkle over some chopped parsley and lobster coral mixed together. Serve very hot on a fancy paper.

To Make the Batter:—Mix together the flour and salt, then add and stir in smoothly the tepid water and oil. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiffly, and at the last add them lightly to the batter.

Cost 1s. 7d. for twelve portions.

No. 218.—APRICOT MERINGUE PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of Savoy biscuits, five eggs, four ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of macaroons, one pint of milk, half a pot of apricot jam, vanilla.

Butter a round fireproof china soufflé dish. Spread the biscuits with a good layer of jam. Pound the macaroons. Put layers of these in the dish, do not pack it tightly. Beat the yolks of the eggs well, add the milk to them, sweeten with some of the sugar, and flavour it with some vanilla. Pour this custard into the soufflé dish and let the biscuits, &c., soak for one hour. As the custard becomes absorbed pour in more of it, then bake it in the oven till it is set. Whisk the whites of the eggs very stiffly, sweeten them with two ounces of sugar, and add vanilla to flavour them. Heap this meringue roughly all over the top of the pudding, and dredge castor sugar over the meringue. Put the dish in a slow oven till the meringue is crisp and of a delicate fawn colour, then serve at once.

Cost 1s. 6d. for eight portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Grilled Haddock. Kidney Omelet.
Ham and Eggs.

Beef Fritters. Galantine of Chicken.

LUNCH.

Tomato Soup. Fish Pudding, Egg Sauce.
Macaroni à la Paysanne. Beef Olives.

Fricassee Eggs.
Lemon Cheese Cakes. Boiled Apple Pudding. Sardines à l'Italienne.

COLD DISHES.

Spiced Beef. Game Pie.

Dressed Crab.

TEA.

Buttered Toast. Shrimp Paste Sandwiches.

Cream Buns. Maids of Honour.

DINNER.

Mock Turtle Soup. Britanny Soup.

Devised Whitebait. Sole Theodora.

Entrées.

Chicken à la Washington.

Cutlets à la Rothschild.

Roasts.

Sirloin of Beef.

Ham, with Champagne Sauce.

Game.

Wild Duck, Orange Salad.

Scallops of Hare.

Vegetables.

Potato Chips. Fried Salsify.

*Apricot Meringue Pudding.

Chartreuse of Oranges.

Sauces.

*Anchovy Aigrettes. Cheese d'Artois.

Ices.

Strawberry Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 62.—CANAPE "CHARLES QUINT."

By M. HERPIN, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

Toast and butter twelve oval pieces of bread, season them well with salt, pepper, and a little cayenne. Poach the roes (soft roes) of twelve fresh herrings in a little fresh butter, not forgetting to season them well. When cooked sufficiently lay a roe on each toast, and cover with two slices of truffle; over this spread a Parmesan cheese soufflé made from the following ingredients:—Twenty-five grammes of flour, ten grammes of butter, quarter of a pint of milk, four yolks of eggs, six whites of eggs (well beaten), fifteen grammes of Parmesan cheese, and a pinch of cayenne. Just before serving place in a hot oven for three or four minutes, to let them get nicely coloured. Serve very hot.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Thursday evenings.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Meat.			
Mutton.	Beef.	Pork.	Veal.
Fish.			
Sole.	Plaice.	Whitebait.	Turbot.
Brill.	Haddock.	Herrings.	
Malet.	Smelts.	Crabs.	Oysters.
	Shrimps.	Lobsters.	
Poultry and Game.			
Chickens.	Ducks.	Rabbits.	Wild Duck.
Pheasants.	Plovers.	Geese.	
	Black Game.	Ptarmigan.	Teal.
	Snipe.	Partridges.	Quails.
Vegetables.			
Artichokes.	Asparagus.	Carrots.	
	Cauliflowers.	Celery.	
	Parsnips.	Salsify.	
	Salads.	New Potatoes.	
	Mushrooms.		

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples.	Grapes.	Pineapples.
Rhubarb.	Cranberries.	Grape Fruit.
Pears.	Bananas.	Nuts.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.			
White Lilac.	Arum Lilies.	Roses.	
Tulips.	Daffodils.	Narcissus.	
	Smilax.	Asparagus Fern.	
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.			
Ranunculus.	Violets.	Christmas Roses.	
Daffodils.	Eucalyptus.	Poinsettias.	
	Maidenhair Fern.	Orange Trees.	

The Daily Time-Saver

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XLVI.

The grim smile grew grimmer on the face of Paul Joscelyn. Philip Chesney saw it, and the incoherent torrent of abuse died on his lips, and he felt a sudden chill strike deep at his vitals. His flushed cheeks blanched, and there was a dry, parched feeling in his throat.

The moon shone full on the Colonel's face, and Philip cowered. The delirium had passed, the madness had gone. He had not known what he was saying; but, now that the things had been said, he remembered, and he felt horribly afraid.

A great and awful silence fell between them, broken only by the lazy plash of tiny waves, licking the shingle at their feet. It had a strange sound, like the drip-drip-drip of water—or blood.

"Well," said Joscelyn, at length. "Have you finished?" His voice cut the stillness like a knife. It was cold and sharp as steel.

Philip said nothing. He was staring at the Colonel dully, like a man under some hypnotic influence. The Colonel's smile died. The old bronze image look was there, only sterner, grimmer, crueller than ever.

"You have expressed yourself at length," continued Joscelyn, in a voice of iron, "and most offensively; but, as I am not treating you as an ordinarily sane and responsible person—"

"You called me a cad and a skunk, and—nice things of that sort first," Philip blurted out, weakly.

"And so you sought refuge in a quid pro quo—eh? Well, I have far more important things to discuss with you than recriminating abuse. Of course, what you have said—"

"I have said, and will stick to," interrupted Philip, almost hysterically. As a matter of fact, at that precise moment he would have bartered much to have left unsaid many, if not all, of those things. Indeed, he was altogether appalled at the things he had said; and the extraordinary control the Colonel had of himself in the face of them seemed ominous and almost uncanny.

"As you will," remarked Joscelyn grimly. "And oblige me by understanding at the outset that what I am going to say to you, to you, has no reference to that. Personalities at this moment have nothing to do with the question. You can consider, if you like, that I have not heard you. I only wish to protect Mrs. Chesney. It is about her, her future and peace of mind, that I am concerned. Our personal quarrel can be settled later, if need be—or not at all."

"What right have you to protect Mrs. Chesney?" Philip's eyes flashed up in the old fire of hatred.

"The right of her friend. You have abominably insulted her. I am here to avenge that insult."

"Avenge?"

"If need be."

"And, pray, has she commissioned you to champion her?"

"She is my friend. Is not that enough?" Joscelyn spoke with quiet dignity.

"Your friend?" sneered Philip. "Why don't you say your mistress?"

The grim mouth grew harder. A gleam of anger shot into the cold eyes. That was all.

"Oblige me," said Joscelyn, "by not repeating that remark."

"And who gave you the right to champion her?" cried Philip passionately. "I want to know that. Who, I say—who? She?"

"You have given me the right and privilege," replied the Colonel, "yourself, who should have gloried in your right. But enough of this. You are not fit to discuss any matter; so I will come to the point. You have chosen to accuse Mrs. Chesney of a monstrous thing—you have done more; you, in your wild and unreasoning jealousy, have chosen to believe the foolish remark of a brainless boy and the lies and scandal of a lot of vicious mischief-makers, to distrust your wife and impute abominable things to her. Well and good! You are to be pitied. To blame you would be to credit you with some glimmering of reason. I am treating you, Chesney, as a madman. A sane man could never doubt Mrs. Chesney's honour, her goodness, her absolute purity. Your mind is diseased. You see, I am quite frank with you, and perhaps I am sorry for you; but that is neither here nor there. Not content with insulting her—the best and purest woman God ever breathed the breath of life into—and determining to ruin her happiness and peace of mind, you have, I understand, determined to make a public scandal."

"Ah, that's what you're afraid of—eh?" sneered Philip, impotent with rage.

"I thought you and she would be a bit alarmed at that. Oh, I'm no fool, and I'm not going to sit still and see you make me a laughing-stock in the eyes of the world, see you two bring my name—my father's name—into disgrace. No, by Heaven, I'll do what

I said. If it's false—well you can prove it; if it's true—"

"One moment, please," interrupted Joscelyn. "Let us get to the point. Will you kindly control yourself sufficiently to state a specific charge?"

"A specific charge? Well, she was in your rooms at the Albany on the night Detmold killed himself—if he did kill himself. That's good enough for a specific charge, isn't it? Everyone knows it; everyone is talking about it."

"You believe that?"

"I have said as much."

"Mrs. Chesney has denied it."

"Of course!" He laughed coarsely. "Was she likely to do anything else?"

"I think it probable—possible, if it were true."

"Do you deny it?"

The Colonel's lips curved in fine scorn. "Do you deny it, I say?" Philip almost shrieked. "Dare you swear on your oath, on your word as a man of honour, that it is false? Answer that question, will you?"

The Colonel folded his arms and looked the young man full and square in the face. "Mrs. Chesney," he said, "has told you that it is untrue, has she not?"

"Yes; but you? What do you say?"

"And you have refused to believe her?" went on the Colonel, imperturbably.

"That is not the point," cried Philip, intricately. "You? What do you say?"

"And yet," the Colonel continued, "you ask me if he be true. Would you, pray, accept my word, when you refuse to accept hers?"

"You're shirking it. You dare not deny it!"

The Colonel frowned. "What difference will it make if I tell you, what Mrs. Chesney has already told you, that the monstrous accusation is false? Would you believe me? No. Your very question presupposes disbelief. I tell you, Chesney, you are not sane."

"Then you won't answer me?"

"Yes, I will. I say that Mrs. Chesney was not in my rooms on the night that Lewis Detmold committed suicide. Does that satisfy you?"

"Of course you'd lie, just as she lies, and everyone lies."

"I anticipated that," the Colonel unfolded his arms, and put his right hand in the pocket of his light overcoat. He had gone a little pale. "Now, what do you propose to do?"

"That's my business."

"And mine—very much mine, as well as Mrs. Chesney's. Please remember that. You are going to do what?"

"Prove that you are both liars."

"Yes—and how?"

Philip Chesney's eyes were like living coals of fire. "The law can take its course," he said. "No doubt the police will be interested to know that you perjured yourself at Detmold's inquest."

"Ah!" the Colonel drew in a long breath and his thin, lithe form became suddenly very erect and very stiff. He drew his right hand from his overcoat pocket, and it gripped something that glittered in the moonlight. Philip Chesney saw it, and reeled backwards with a gasp of surprise and horror. Paul Joscelyn held a large revolver in his right hand.

"What—what does that mean?" faltered Philip huskily.

"This," Paul Joscelyn raised the revolver. "This means," he said, "that I am going to take the only course open to me. I am going to kill you."

"Kill me?" The young man's blanched face was distorted by a fearful grin. He laughed weakly. "Don't be an ass," he faltered, huskily. "Put that thing away. I—I—"

His teeth came together, chattering. He was shivering with cold. He had looked again into those steely eyes of Paul Joscelyn and seen a man who never went back on his word.

"I am not going to have any nonsense about a duel," said the Colonel, in a very low, very hard voice. "I am not going to give you a chance. I am going to shoot you as a dog, put you out of the way as a pest. You will not be the first cur I have killed."

"But," stammered Philip, between his chattering teeth, "you—you can't murder me. I—I'm unarmed. You can't be such a coward as to—"

"Oh, my God, have you gone mad? Put that thing down—put it down, I say! Man alive, have mercy! I say, for God's sake, Colonel, be sensible. What do you want me to do?"

His face was white as paper. His nerves had gone all to pieces.

The Colonel's face was expressionless. The raging hell-fires in his soul, his awful repugnance of this part he was playing, his sense of sport, of honour, of the fitness of things, gave no outward sign. He had set himself a definite course and he meant to take it. And the sooner it was over the better.

"You have forced this position upon me, Chesney. You are calmer now. You must see that, after what has just happened, I cannot be expected to let you go back and work out your programme of ruin. You have refused to accept Mrs. Chesney's word, refused to accept mine. Therefore, there can be no further dealings between us. To me you have ceased to be a man. You are only a dangerous pest capable of doing incalculable harm. And I for one am not disposed to let a man's life stand in the way of my preventing that harm. I am afraid I do not place so much value on human life as that. If there is, however, anything you would like me to do for you when I go back, any business or message—please consider me at your service. Come, whatever you are, you are not afraid of dying. Don't grovel there like a coward! It sickens me. You've faced death

many times. Now, man, stand up! Is there any message you want delivered? No good purpose can be served by prolonging this interview. We don't want to be melodramatic. The position is quite simple. You were going to leave this place and run amok doing as much harm and bringing as much misery and disgrace as you could to a good woman. You were going to slander me and rake up a long-forgotten story. Well—I am not disposed to let you. That is all."

"So you have got me here, and you are going to get rid of me! I'm going to die like a rat in a hole?"

"As you like it," said the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders. "There is no other way, you see."

"You must be mad," gasped the young man.

Philip Chesney could not be accused of being a coward. The cross he wore on his breast would in itself give the lie to such an imputation. He had faced death on more than one occasion without flinching. But, standing there, alone in the moonlight, facing that grim, hard-faced man, who held a revolver and who meant to kill him like a dog, he became utterly demoralised. What had gone before may have had something to do with it: weeks of acute mental and nervous strain following close upon the trials and hardships of the Indian campaign, a highly-strung, excitable, jealous nature—all or any of these things—culminating in this final paroxysm of rage that, having sent itself, left him weak and hysterical as a woman. And then—to be brought face to face with this!

The sudden, paralysing terror of death, the horrid fear of the unavailing panic of body and mind—these encompassed him. He did not want to die; he was frantically afraid to die. And all the time the chill, numbing terror of the thing rendered him powerless, impotent. He wanted to cry aloud, to shriek, to grovel at Paul Joscelyn's feet and beseech for mercy. Whether Paul Joscelyn be mad or not, he was in grim earnest; and Philip remembered all the old stories that the Mess had been wont to whisper, of how he killed the Russian on Ostend sands, and others.

"Give me a chance," he whined. "Let me fight for it, if you will."

And the Colonel shook his head; and even then Philip realised that in no conflict with Paul Joscelyn could he have a chance. A duel would be murder cloaked by sentiment; this was only the same thing—brutal and bare and unshamed.

Then the horrid, unnamable terror left him, and he became like a trapped animal at bay—savage, desperate, with his back against the wall. His teeth ceased chattering, theague chill of fear evaporated, and his blood ran hot and boiling. He was a man again. If it was to be, well, he would die game. The nightmare of terror that had dripped from him in cold sweat had passed. Thank God! It would have been too ignominious to die like that. No, he had not squealed for mercy.

The Colonel saw the change, and he was glad, for he treasured ideals, and liked to believe in his sex and the White Man. He had waited for the change. He could not shoot downwards at a man grovelling at his feet.

"Chesney," he said, "I'll give you a chance. You've reminded me that you are a man. I had forgotten. I'll give you a chance."

Philip clenched fists and teeth. He was waiting for a chance to rush at the Colonel, but the words and the tone in which they were spoken made him start.

"That's all I want," he said eagerly.

"Then you can have it. As he spoke, the Colonel replaced his revolver in his pocket and swung on his heel. After two or three paces he stopped and turned again.

"There are two courses open to you, Chesney," he said in the same level, monotonous voice, "and only two, after what has just happened. He returned a pace or two. till he was within a yard of Philip. "You can return to Mentone and defend your wife's honour, or you can stay here—he took out the revolver again and held it out with the butt towards Philip—"and do what I meant to do. There is no alternative. Take it."

Philip's hand closed on the revolver mechanically. "Do you understand? Either you go back, and behave as a gentleman, or you stay behind. Think it over. I will go now. You can keep that thing with you. It is loaded in all six chambers. I have given you your chance. Do not abuse it. Good night."

And, without another word, he left him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

When she parted from Paul Joscelyn Maria left her card on Lady Tyneside, who, to her immense relief, was not in the hotel, and then returned to Mentone. The fifteen minutes in the train seemed like so many years. What might not Philip in his present mood have already done?

She heard him moving about in his room while she dressed for dinner; but he did not come to ask for any account of her actions.

During the meal he was particularly cheerful. He passed semi-humorous criticisms on the food, the women's dresses, and the band; and from time to time chatted with the people at the next table.

For the last two days they had been alone. Sir John, feeling absolutely renewed in health, had followed his friend Father Lyle to Italy, undertaking the journey alone with his man. He said that he was extremely anxious once more to see Rome and to make a tour through the cities of Umbria, and he had added that, as the young people were having such a good time, they had better stay behind, and come on later, when the gaieties of the Riviera began to pall on them.

It is not difficult to understand that his departure passed almost unnoticed by his son and daughter-in-law, although Philip mechanically offered to accompany him, and Maria loaded him with admonitions as to the strict régime he had been following. In their hearts they were both glad that he was gone for the kind eyes had rested on them with a puzzled look of late; and Philip, in a seething tumult that raged within him, absolutely forgotten his father's secret, and months ago the most awful catastrophe that could befall him. And he never once saw the revelation of which had seemed to him, at the time, the most awful catastrophe that could befall him. And he never once saw the revelation of which had seemed to him, at the time, the most awful catastrophe that could befall him.

After dinner Philip said he was going out, but first went into the smoking-room.

Maria felt stoically calm. She chatted with some people, and then went upstairs to her bedroom. They had given up the sitting-room when Sir John left. They could not afford it.

She went to her window. It looked out on the trim little garden and the road.

There was nobody outside, for the nights were cold. She stood a long time motionless. Presently there was the sound of footsteps on the gravel. She had to hang out of the window to see who it was. It was Philip. And then a man came in at the gate, and addressed her. It was Colonel Joscelyn.

For a moment she held her breath. She did not know what might happen. But they stood quite together; she could not hear what he said.

They stood for a few minutes; it was very plain; the night was brilliant; she could see his figures looked very black. She saw Colonel Joscelyn enter Philip's room, and Philip took him out. How strange men were! He was so hated him with a frenzied intensity, and yet he took his cigar.

They strolled off together. She could see over the tops of the tall palms on to the road. They turned to the left, and walked towards Italy.

When they had gone she still remained by the window; she did not feel the chill night wind on her bare shoulders. She was conscious of any particular sensations. She knew that those two men had gone away like a couple of cats.

She felt more than ever like a trapped animal. She was not allowed a voice in the matter; she supposed men always settled the fate of women.

She trusted Paul Joscelyn. She knew he would do his best. In a dull way she considered what arguments he would use. She herself had found no spot in Philip's being that reason could touch him during these last thirty days. She knew that the Colonel would tell him the truth. That was the last thing in life it seemed always the last thing. She did not know why; perhaps it was that one must be either very simple or very wise to be able to bear hearing the truth. And Philip was neither.

Poor Philip! She had been so angry with him all through these dreary days; she had almost hated him; this afternoon she had almost hated him. What an awful thing, have struck him dead. What an awful thing, have struck him dead. What an awful thing, have struck him dead.

Now she was not angry with him. She was a queer mood to be in. What she and the men were settling her fate. Philip, so desperately sorry, sorry for Philip, sorry for himself. It had all been the result of his own fault. It had all been the result of his own fault. It had all been the result of his own fault.

For him and her strangely, as if it had been meant by fate that she should meet him in punishment for what she had done that night. She had lost her happiness; that was what she had lost. She had lost her happiness; that was what she had lost. She had lost her happiness; that was what she had lost.

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Printed and Published by
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January 15, 1904.

Printed and Published by W. D. ...
Carmelite-street, London, E.C. -
January 15, 1904.